

Canute Whistlewinks



BY ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS

TOLD IN ENGLISH BY FOSS AND OLCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McINTOSH

CANUTE WHISTLEWINKS AND OTHER STORIES

By ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS

Selected and edited by
FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

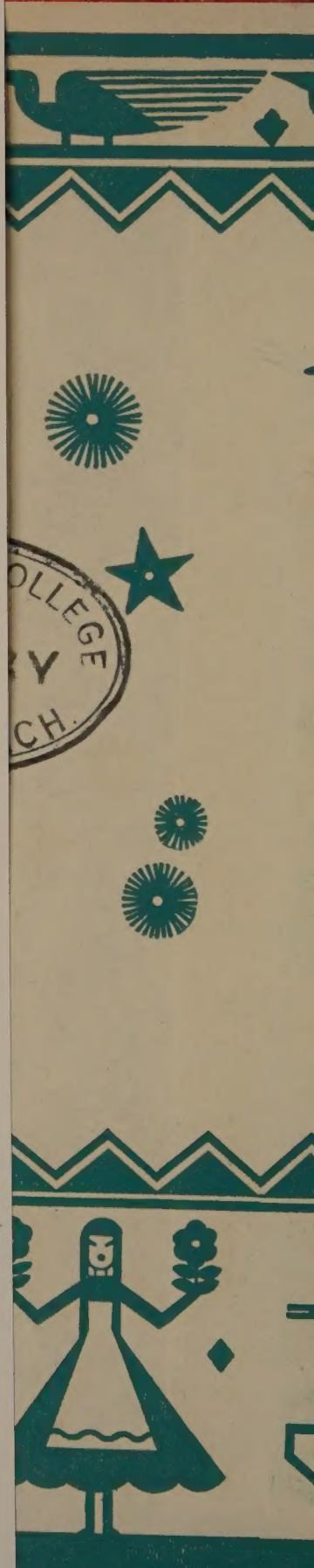
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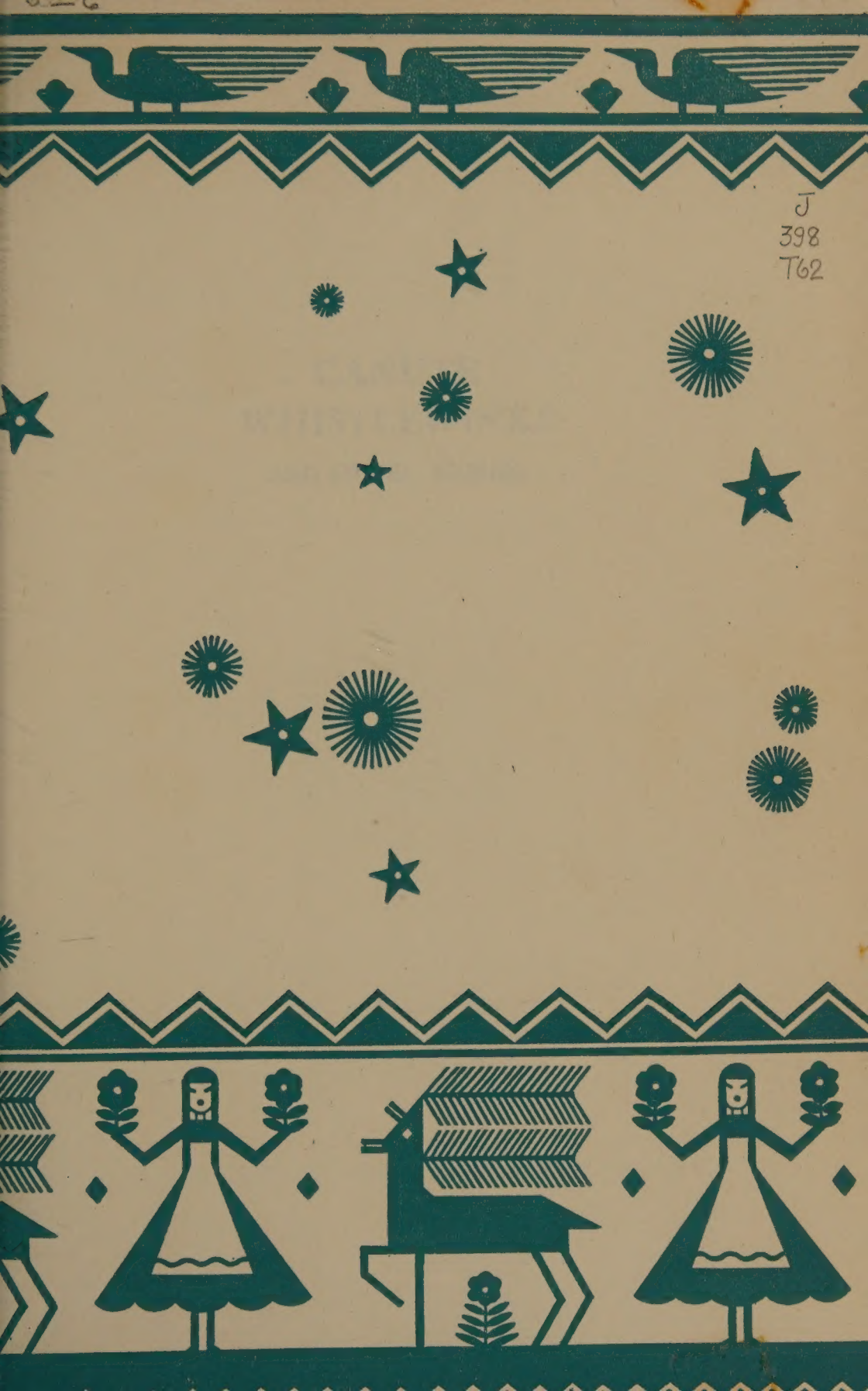
Delightful stories of trolls, fairies, magic animals, reindeer, snowy mountains and frost giants, wizards and magic from the lands of the Midnight Sun are part of the rich and varied contribution to Swedish-Finnish literature by Zacharias Topelius, Finland's famous author. He wrote in Swedish: poems, plays, novels and travels. But it is his work for children that has placed him in the high company of the Brothers Grimm, Perrault, Lang and Andersen. Topelius' stories have been translated into many languages. As Miss Olcott has said, when she read the translations into English by Dr. C. W. Foss, she could not forget the stories and finally, with his permission, she made the selection and edited them for our children.

With what deep nostalgia we have made the selection from reviews of our early edition of *Canute Whistlewinks*!

"A delightful book, its stories continuing the line of Northern tales . . . Families who like to read fairy tales aloud will find enjoyment . . . for in 'Canute Whistlewinks' there

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CANUTE
WHISTLEWINKS
AND OTHER STORIES

CANUTE WHISTLEWINKS

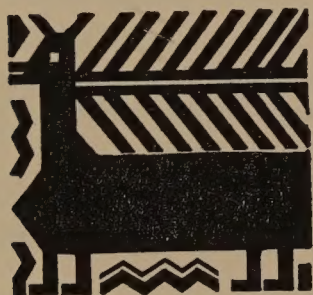
AND OTHER STORIES

BY ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY C. W. FOSS

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CANUTE WHISTLEWINKS

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INTRODUCTION

ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS, the famous Swedish-Finnish author, is amazingly little known in America. When he died in 1898, he left to Finland a rich legacy of plays, novels, and poems. But richer far was his bequest to the children of the world,—his beloved collection of child-stories and fantasies. Indeed, Zacharias Topelius may justly be called the Hans Andersen of Finland.

His tales for children have been translated into many tongues. A selection from his charming medley is here offered for the delight of English-speaking children. The selection includes fairy tales, legends, and studies of child-life in both Finland and Lapland.

They are told with delicate fancy, and with a tender purity reminding one of William Blake. Their childlike reverence and faith, so poetic and sincere, is reminiscent of Andersen. Indeed, Topelius writes with a complete loving understanding of little children and their play-life.

INTRODUCTION

Through many of his tales there runs a silver thread of allegory, while others are tinged with the weird northern mysticism that sings in the songs of the Kalevala. There are stories of the Long Night, the beautiful summers, the Midnight Sun, the lakes and pastures of Finland, and the icy wastes of Lapland. All these will surely entrance the imagination of the children, leaving them with a travel appreciation of the "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes," which they can never lose.

Dr. Foss's translation is charmingly simple. In editing the stories here based on his translation, great care has been taken to enhance this simplicity and to bring out the beauties in the stories, pruning them of matter uninteresting to children in general.

May this little volume of Topelius' most beautiful creations, find its rightful place among the best books for little children.

FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT

CANUTE
WHISTLEWINKS
AND OTHER STORIES



CANUTE WHISTLEWINKS

CANUTE was a poor boy without father or mother. He lived with his old grandmother on the murmuring shores of Perlebank. A shirt, a jacket, a pair of trousers and a cap were all he had, and for summer it was enough. But when winter came, a pair of woollen stockings was added to his wardrobe. He was always happy and always hungry.

His old grandmother seldom had enough on her table for the poor boy to eat his fill. She spun yarn, and often sent Canute to sell it at Sir Peterman's manor, some seven miles away. When Canute came back with the money, the good

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woman would buy a little flour for bread. A fish-net also she had, and occasionally they would get a little fish when the fisherman's boys helped Canute to cast his net. A small potato patch about the size of a kitchen floor, furnished them with a few potatoes.

One day Canute sat on the pebbly shore of Perlebank and collected some smooth yellow stones that looked like warm and mealy potatoes. But poor Canute could not eat the stones. With a merry laugh, he flung them into the water. Then looking down he found something that was not a stone. He picked it up. It was a whistle made of seaweed.

Canute put it to his lips and blew. He found that he could whistle three notes on it, *pu*, *py*, *po*. So, just for fun, he put it in his pocket.

This happened to be a hungry day for Canute. He had had no breakfast. "Oh, if only I could sit in Sir Peterman's kitchen!" he thought to himself, and imagined he could smell the savory odors of fried fish.

He had to do something to get food! He sat down on a large stone and tried to catch fish

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with a hook and line. But the fish would not bite. The sea was like a mirror after yesterday's storm. The sun shone, and the surges rolled like hillocks of glass toward the shore, and kissed Unda Marina's footsteps in the sand.

"I wonder what Grandmother has for dinner to-day," thought Canute to himself.

Then the surge rolled so high that it wet Canute's feet, and he thought he heard a whisper:

"Canute, have you found Unda Marina's magic whistle? You can play three notes on it, *pu* for sleeping, *py* for crying, and *po* for laughing."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Canute. "Is it a magic whistle? Go away, Miss Surge! I have found the whistle, and I mean to keep it."

The surge murmured something which Canute did not hear, rolled back, and did not return. Canute took the whistle from his pocket, and examined it carefully.

"So, you are a magic whistle? Well, then, bring me some fish," he said and whistled with all his might, *pu, pu, pu*.

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He had not whistled long before a bleak fish appeared floating upon the water. Then came a roach, and finally a pickerel, all lying on their sides as if asleep.

“This means fresh fish for me,” thought Canute, and kept on whistling.

By and by the shore-line was covered with floating fishes—sticklebacks, perches, breams, gardons, bass, roaches, bleaks, pickerels, salmon, and every other kind of fishes found in those waters.

“My, what a lot of fishes!” exclaimed Canute, and hurried home for a sack to put them in.

When he returned, the whole shore was covered with water fowl. The gulls were the greediest, and cried, “Take him, take him!” until the neighborhood re-echoed with their cries. But there were many others in the gulls’ company—ducks, wild geese, and even swans. All these greedy guests were busy devouring the sleeping fishes. Suddenly an immense fish-hawk swooped down, and carried off a ten-pound salmon in its claws.

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“Just wait, you thieves!” cried Canute, and he began to hurl stones at the birds.

Some were struck on their wings, and some on their feet, but none of them would let go their prey. Suddenly a shot was heard, and another, and another. Some of the birds fell and floated on the water, like the fishes. The shots continued until the birds were all floating on the water or scattered to the winds.

A boat with three huntsmen in it soon appeared to gather up the game. It was Sir Peterman with two of his friends. They sprang ashore in high spirits.

“Hello, Canute!” cried Sir Peterman. “How in the world did you call all these birds around you here at Perlebank?”

“I whistled for the fishes, and the birds came to keep them company,” replied Canute.

“You must be a smart whistler,” said Sir Peterman. “After this, you shall be called Canute Whistlewinks.”

“All right,” said Canute. He had really never had a last name before, and Whistlewinks would

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do just as well as Anderson, Soderlund, or Mattson.

"But look here, Canute Whistlewinks, why do you look so hungry to-day? You are as thin as a beanpole," said Sir Peterman.

"And why shouldn't I look hungry, who have not tasted a mouthful since yesterday noon?" replied Canute in his own happy way.

"Well! well! Come, then, to my house for dinner to-day, as you have brought us such a good catch. But do not come till four o'clock. All these birds must be dressed and fried first."

"Thank you most heartily," replied Canute. But he thought to himself, "Four o'clock is a pretty late dinner hour for one who has had nothing to eat since yesterday noon."

Sir Peterman rowed away. Canute went to his grandmother.

"Well, Canute, have you seen any fish to-day?" asked his grandmother.

"Seen some I have, but the birds ate them up, and Sir Peterman shot the birds."

"That was too bad, Canute. We have nothing

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for dinner but two small herrings, four potatoes, and a little crust of bread.”

“Never mind, Grandmother, you eat that. I am invited to Sir Peterman’s for dinner, and I will bring you a piece of cheese in my pocket.”

“Don’t go the short cut through Kiikkala forest, Canute. There dwell the Fairies, and also three Troll Kings—the Mountain King, the Snow King, and the Frost King. No, go the shore way, but beware of the Mermaid.”

“But the shore way is so long, Grandmother. I have eaten nothing since yesterday noon.”

“Well, go where you please. But don’t think about eating, for it always leads to temptation.”

Canute went his way. When he came to the parting of the roads, he thought: “I would be a fool to go fourteen miles instead of seven, especially as I have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon.”

So he took the short cut through Kiikkala forest. He had not gone far before he saw a little thin old man tugging at a load of twelve long bars of iron.

“Good morning, Canute Whistlewinks,” said

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the old man. "Why do you look so hungry to-day?"

"And why shouldn't I look hungry, who have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon? But how do you know my new name?"

"I know all names," replied the old man.

"May I help you? You are panting. Your load is too heavy."

"You may push if you like," said the old man.

Canute pushed, and they soon arrived at a huge mountain.

"This is my home," said the old man. "Step inside, and I will give you something good for helping me with the load."

The old man entered the mountain. Canute's gnawing hunger said, "Follow him," so in stepped Canute. They were inside an immense Palace, where everything glittered with gold, silver, and precious stones.

"And do you live here?" asked Canute in great surprise.

"Yes, indeed," replied the old man. "I am the Mountain King. To-morrow I am to make a wedding for my daughter. All my people are

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busy getting ready for it. So to-day I had to fetch my own food from the smelters."

"Was it iron you had on your cart?" asked Canute.

"Bar-iron, my Boy, bar-iron of the best sort. This is better than mere iron ore. Bar-iron is my favorite dish, especially when it is heated to a white heat. Have you ever eaten bar-iron?"

"Not that I know of," replied Canute.

"Then I will treat you to something extra fine. Now, see, I will put two bars in the fire. In three minutes they will be white. Then step into the furnace, Whistlewinks, and eat them before they cool."

"I thank you. I would rather have a little bread and butter and a bowl of bonny-clabber."

"You don't know what is good. Now step up to the furnace. See, the iron is already red."

"But it is too hot!"

"Tut! tut! It is only a pleasant heat," roared the old man, and he tried to force Canute into the furnace.

But Canute took to his heels and ran for dear life. Happily, he found the doorway before it

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was closed. In a few moments he was again in the midst of the forest.

“Grandmother was right,” thought Canute.

Suddenly Canute began to shiver. The cause was soon plain for in front of him was an immense snow mountain in the midst of summer.

“Strange!” thought Canute. “I wonder where I may get something warm to eat.”

As he trudged along through the deep snow, thinking how good a little warm food would taste, he sank all at once into the cold snow, down, down, down, till he found himself in a glittering Ice Palace. It was lighted by soft moonlight and the twinkling of a thousand stars. Along the walls were mirrors of the smoothest ice, and the floors were covered with diamonds of frost. Awkward and heavy Snowmen crawled along the icy floors. Only one stood erect. He was an immense Giant of ice and snow. Icicles hung from his hair and beard. His coat was a blanket of ice, and his shoes seemed to be made of frozen berry-juices.

“Good morning, Canute Whistlewinks,” said the Giant. “Why do you look so hungry to-day?”



THE CHIEF SNOWMAN SEIZED HIM BY THE COLLAR

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"And why shouldn't I look hungry, who have had nothing but bar-iron to eat since yesterday noon?" said Canute with chattering teeth.

"You are too warm, my Boy, you are too warm!" said the Giant. "I change all my subjects into icicles, and now I will make one of you. Chief Snow Man, dip this boy in ice-water seven times and hang him up on a peg to freeze."

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Canute. "Give me instead a cup of warm sillabub. I am already an icicle."

"Chief Snow Man, give him a piece of frozen quick-silver and a cup of chills, before you dip him," commanded the Giant.

Canute would again have taken to his feet, but it was too late. The Chief Snowman seized him by the collar, and it would soon have been the end of Canute had he not thought of his whistle. He put it to his lips. This time the notes were *po, po, po*. At once the face of the Snow Giant began to grin. He laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until the icicles fell from his hair and beard. His knees began to give way, and at last he fell in a great heap upon the palace floor. All

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the Snow Men fell to pieces from laughter.

The Chief Snow Man let go of Canute's collar, and slowly turned into slush. The ice mirrors fell to pieces, and the whole snow mountain turned into a terrible snowstorm. It was with trouble that Canute could press his lips together so as to keep on whistling, for he, too, was seized with a strange desire to laugh. But in the midst of the storm, he found himself once more in the forest. The snow melted and ran away in a thousand little streams, and it was summer again.

"Now I will be careful," thought Canute, and walked steadily forward along the forest path. Suddenly he saw the loveliest little hill between the mountains, all covered with delicious strawberries.

"There certainly can be no harm in picking a few strawberries, when one gets nothing to eat before four o'clock in the afternoon," thought Canute, and walked up to the little hill.

"But he had hardly reached it before he saw that the things he had thought to be strawberries, were really thousands of little Fairies with red dresses. They were not taller than strawberries.

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They were dancing merrily around a little green mound on which sat their Queen, who was about three inches in height.

“Good morning, Canute Whistlewinks,” said the Fairy Queen. “Why do you look so hungry to-day?”

“And why shouldn’t I look hungry, who have had nothing but hot bar-iron and frozen quick-silver to eat since yesterday noon? I thought you were a strawberry.”

“Poor Boy, he is hungry!” said the Fairy Queen to her maid. “Give him a dewdrop and a mosquito leg, that for once he may eat his fill.”

“I thank you,” said Canute. “Perhaps instead you might give me a dish of strawberries and a pitcher of milk.”

“A coarse glutton!” exclaimed the Fairy Queen. “Do you know, Whistlewinks, that you have come without a passport into my Kingdom? You have trampled to death thirty of my faithful subjects, so that nothing remains of them but little red spots. Here, Forest Spiders, do your duty!”

Hardly were these words uttered, before a le-

gion of long-legged spiders began to spin their webs about Canute. He tried to brush away the spider-webs and threads and to return to the path at the foot of the hillock. But he could not move from the spot. His feet were tangled more and more and tied with a thousand bands. His arms seemed glued to his sides. His eyelids were fastened down so he could not see. And finally he fell flat on the ground.

He could not see anything at all but he could hear the merry laughter of the little Fairies. They danced around him and over him, and pricked his cheeks like mosquitoes, and seemed to be beside themselves with merriment.

"Now lie here and starve till you are satisfied with a dewdrop and a mosquito leg," cried all the Fairies in his ears.

But Canute humbled himself and began to beg:

"Hear me, little Fairies. Please give me the whistle in my pocket. Will you please help me to get it to my lips?"

The Fairies were amused to hear such a greedy glutton ask for a whistle. Four of them

climbed up and entered his pocket. With great effort they lifted the whistle to his lips. Then they began to dance more merrily than before, until the hills and the woods resounded with their merriment that was like the hum of a million mosquitoes.

As soon as Canute felt the little whistle safely between his teeth he began to blow. This time the notes were *py, py, py*. The merry laughter at once ceased. Then followed thousands and thousands of sobs not unlike the sound of raindrops in a pool. Canute could not see, but he knew that the Fairies were sobbing. He thought it a pity that such light and airy beings should sob and cry as if to break their hearts.

“Set me free, and I will make you laugh once more,” said Canute.

There is nothing little Fairies like so much as to laugh. They laugh away their short lives on summer evenings. In an instant a thousand of them were ready to chase away the spiders and to set the captive free, to loosen his arms and his feet, and to open his eyes. Canute could now see his little enemies, and was mischievous enough

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to whistle one more note of sobs. And, oh! what faces the little Fairies made! They were so anxious to laugh, but had to cry on account of that awful note, *py*.

But Canute had not the heart to torment them longer. He whistled *po, po, po*, and in an instant the sobs were changed into laughter. The little Fairies jumped for joy high into the air, and fell down on Canute where he lay upon the soft grass. But he brushed them away, and got up. He did not notice that one of them had fallen into his pocket.

"Farewell, little Fairies!" cried Canute and continued his journey through the woods. "I must beware of the Forest King," he thought. "He is said to be the worst of all the magic folk."

In a short while Canute came to a cloudberry patch.

"There certainly can't be any harm in picking a few cloudberrries as I pass by, when I can't get anything to eat before four o'clock," thought Canute to himself.

A very tall spruce tree lay between him and the patch. So he tried to climb over its thick

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branches to reach the berries. But the spruce tree rose up and stood erect, exclaiming in a hoarse voice:

“Good morning, Canute Whistlewinks. Why do you look so hungry to-day?”

Canute gathered courage and said, “Why shouldn’t I look hungry, who have had nothing but hot bar-iron, frozen quick-silver, a dewdrop and a mosquito leg to eat since yesterday noon?”

“But why did you disturb my nap?” roared the spruce tree. “Don’t you know I am the Forest King and that I rule over all the trees for fifty miles around? This is my Palace. Here is where I live.”

Canute could see nothing but a forest wilderness. He ventured to ask permission to eat a few cloudberryes.

“What? Cloudberryes?” roared the giant spruce. “Take that pine as a ladle, and scoop up seven loads of moss. That is what I call solid food. It is my favorite dish.”

“Perhaps I could get a load of apple-sauce and a little cistern filled with wild honey instead,” suggested Canute.

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“Apple-sauce? I’ll make apple-sauce of you for disturbing my mid-day nap! See here, King Eagle, I will give you this boy for chops to feed your young ones.”

Canute now saw an immense eagle perched upon the topmost branch of the spruce, looking down upon him with hungry and greedy eyes. Canute tried to jump down, but he was held fast, hand and foot, in the branches of the spruce. He would soon be chopped into collops for the little eaglets! Canute had never eaten chops or collops, but however much he enjoyed food himself, he did not want to be food for an eagle.

Just then he felt something as soft as a flower climbing up his arm and his collar to his face. It was the little Fairy that had been hiding in his pocket. She was tugging away at the whistle which was several times as long as she was. She finally got it to his lips.

“Whistle! Whistle!” she said.

Canute felt the whistle between his teeth and began to blow. This time it was *pu, pu, pu*. The spruce tree yawned and stretched out its branches. Then murmuring something about

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being disturbed in its nap, it fell headlong to the ground. The horrible eagle was crushed in the fall.

Canute crawled from among the branches, while the whole forest was snoring like the growling of a thousand bears. He took to his heels and ran as fast as he could along the forest path.

"I will have to look out for myself. There is danger in the woods. I think I will walk along the shore after this," thought Canute.

So he took a short cut across the woods, over stumps and stones, fallen trees, and an old fence, and reached the path by the sea shore. The vast ocean spread out before him. The west wind did not blow a hard gale, but rather a soft, light breeze, such as sailors enjoy when their boats dance upon the waves. And the little waves, how charmingly pretty they were with their smooth backs chasing each other to the shore! They would have seemed like gay little children splashing in the bath-tub, if they had not been clothed in green dresses trimmed with the softest white laces.

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Canute sat down upon the shore to look at the waves and to rest for a few moments, for he was tired. He loved the ocean waves. Next to swimming among them near the beach, he enjoyed sitting on the shore and watching their happy sport. If he only had not been so terribly hungry!

“If I had all the flat stones that I have thrown skimming over the waves, and if each was a piece of bread and butter, how I would eat!” he thought.

Then a little wave rolled higher than the rest and touched Canute’s bare feet. From the foam there suddenly appeared a white shoulder, and then a lovely Water Maiden sat beside him on the shore. She wore a soft green dress with silver bracelets. A golden comb was in her long golden hair, and over it a wreath of the whitest water-lilies.

“Good morning, Canute Whistlewinks,” said she in a soft voice like the murmuring of the brook in the spring time. “Why do you look so hungry to-day?”

Canute gazed at her in astonishment and replied, “Why shouldn’t I look hungry, who have

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had nothing but hot bar-iron, frozen quicksilver, a dewdrop, a mosquito leg, and seven loads of moss to eat since yesterday noon?"

"Poor boy!" said the Water Maiden and stroked the hair from his forehead with her soft hand. "Come with me and you shall eat your fill of ocean-foam and mother-of-pearl."

"Thank you," said Canute. "But I would rather have a dish full of fried flounders and fifteen pieces of bread and butter to eat."

The Water Maiden laughed and said, "Did you ever eat whipped snow with sugar on it? Let me tell you something. I am Unda Marina's favorite, and Unda Marina is the pet child of the Sea King. She lives under the ocean in the loveliest Coral Palace. She often presses her pretty footmarks in the sand on the shore.

"Yesterday we played upon the sandy shore of Perlebank, and Unda Marina lost her Magic Whistle near the shore. The surge told me that you had found it. Will you come with me and return the whistle to Unda Marina? You shall have a mountain-pile of ocean's loveliest pearls."

"No, I thank you," replied Canute. "I am in-

vited to the manor for dinner, and have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon."

"Do you not think I am pretty?" whispered the Water Maiden. "Let me tell you. You come with me and return the whistle to Unda Marina, and I will be your faithful bride in the Ocean Palace where we shall live a thousand years in silks and pearls."

"Now listen to that!" said Canute. "I have had nothing fit to eat since yesterday noon, and am invited to the manor for dinner. So fare thee well, Foam Maiden! I will now go my way."

"You are joking," cunningly replied the Water Maiden. "You have no whistle after all!"

"Haven't I though!" exclaimed Canute and pulled the whistle out of his pocket.

Just then a mighty wave rolled over him and he fell flat on the shore. That was all he knew until he woke up. The sun was now in the western sky so it must have been near four o'clock.

Canute rubbed his eyes and wondered where he was. Yonder was the enchanted Kiikkala forest with all its Troll Kings, where he had seen so many strange things, and been offered such

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wonderful breakfasts. And here was the mysterious ocean which continued to roll its white crested waves to the shore and sprinkle its foam on the place where he sat.

But where was Unda Marina's Water Maiden? She had floated away with the surging wave. And where was the Magic Whistle? And where the little Fairy which had hidden in his pocket and had so faithfully saved him from the eagle's talons? On the shore beside him lay a piece of seaweed, but it gave forth no sound. In his pocket he felt only a wet spot.

"And I am invited to the manor for dinner!" he exclaimed, and with a jump was on his feet.

He began to run the shortest way through the woods. Tired and hungry, he finally reached the manor exactly at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"Welcome to you, Canute Whistlewinks," said Sir Peterman. "To-day you look very jolly."

"And why shouldn't I look jolly, who have been offered hot bar-iron, and frozen quick-silver, and a dewdrop and a mosquito leg, and seven loads of moss, and a platter of sea-foam, and a mountain of pearls?" answered Canute.

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"That was a big meal for one day," said Sir Peterman. "One shouldn't think so much about eating and drinking in this world. When one is forever thinking of such things, one meets with the wicked Trolls who only try to put one to grief. But perhaps you are hungry, my Boy?"

Canute looked a little confused, crushed his cap between his hands, and said that he was not exactly starving to death.

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said Sir Peterman. "Canute Whistlewinks," added he, "I perceive that you can do other things than thinking of eating and drinking. But what is this? I smell fried birds. Come in, my Boy. You are now to sit at my table, and for once you shall eat your fill."

The doors were opened to the large dining hall, and a richly loaded table with the most savory odors awaited the hungry guests. Sir Peterman led Canute to the table. Canute was to sit next to Sir Peterman. And there he might still be sitting so hungry was he, if he had not long ago returned to his grandmother with a piece of cheese in his pocket.



THE LITTLE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

ON one side of the lake was a large town, and on the other a little cottage. The lake was frozen, and the snow blew in white clouds over it, for it was winter and Christmas was at hand.

"Father," said the old woman in the richest farm-house in the neighborhood to her husband, "are you not going to put out a barley sheaf for the little sparrows at Christmas?"

"Can't afford it," said the man.

"But we have done it every year before, and have been blessed in doing it."

"Can't afford it."

"But over there at the cottage I see a sheaf set

THE LITTLE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

out for the birds. The cotter is poor and you are rich."

"Nonsense!" growled the man. "Haven't I people enough to feed, that I must needs waste God's gifts on dumb brutes?"

"You said it," sighed the old woman, "God's gifts! And the sparrows are God's creatures."

"You bake our Christmas bread, and see that the ham is good and tender. What do we care for the sparrows?" said the man.

No sooner said than done. In the rich farmhouse, a sumptuous feast was prepared, but the little birds flew about hungry and cold in the drifting snow.

At the cotter's home there was poverty within, and a rich feast out-of-doors. The little birds flew happy and contented about the sheaf, and the cotter's children were delighted to see the prints of the tiny feet of the little birds in the snow, and to hear the merry twitter on the roof.

"If we had threshed the sheaf instead of giving it to the birds, we might now have had a fresh roll for the children at Christmas," sighed the mother in the little cottage.

THE LITTLE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

"Don't you know that the merciful hath enough?" replied her husband, the poor cotter, with a kind look at his wife.

"But to let the birds of heaven eat our bread!" sighed the mother.

"Yes! and what even if it were the beasts of the field and forest?" asked the cotter. "Besides I have saved enough to buy four loaves and a pitcher of milk. Let us send the children to the village with the sled, and they will be back by evening."

"But if they should meet wolves on the lake?" said the mother.

"I will give Daniel a good stick," said the cotter, "and he will get along safely."

So he did, and little Daniel and his sister Anna went to the village to buy the bread and the milk. But the snow had fallen thick, and the children found it hard work to pull the sled through the deep snow on the ice. It began to grow dark while the children were yet far from home. They hurried along as fast as they could, but darkness overtook them.

Then they saw something gray-black in the

THE LITTLE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

white snow-drift. It came nearer and nearer. The children saw that it was a wolf.

"Don't be afraid," said Daniel to his little sister, "for I have a good stick." So saying he raised the stick.

The wolf came nearer, but it did the children no harm. It only howled. Such a strange howl! The children seemed to understand it.

"It is so cold! so cold!" said the wolf, "and my little ones have nothing to eat. Give me a little bread in the name of our merciful God."

"If that is so," said Anna, "we will give you two of our loaves. We can eat the hard bread, but Father and Mother must have fresh bread for Christmas."

"Thank you," said the wolf, and disappeared with the two loaves.

The children trudged on farther through the deep snow. But by and by something came up behind them. This time it was a bear. The bear growled in his own language which was hard for the children to understand. But they soon learned that he, too, was hungry and was asking for a Christmas gift.

THE LITTLE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

"It is so cold! so cold! My little ones have nothing to drink. Give me a little milk in the name of our merciful God."

"Why don't you sleep in your lair as other bears do in winter?" asked Daniel. "But that is your business. We will give you half of our milk. Anna and I can drink water. Only Father and Mother must have something good for Christmas!"

"Thank you," said the bear, and received the milk in a birch-bark pitcher, which he carried between his front paws. Then he walked away with a stately and heavy tread.

The children hurried on eagerly for they saw in the distance the Christmas fire glow upon the hearth in their little cottage. But soon an ugly owl came up and flapped its wings about them.

"I want bread and milk! I want bread and milk!" hooted the owl and reached out its ugly claws to scratch the children.

"So!" said Daniel. "If you are that kind, I will teach you manners," and he gave the fierce owl a heavy blow across its wings with his stick. With a wild and savage cry it flew away.

THE LITTLE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

And now the children reached their home. They brushed the snow from their clothes in the little entry to the cottage, and stepped in.

"We have fed a wolf!" cried Anna.

"We have given a bear milk to drink!" added Daniel.

"But the owl got the stick!" laughed Anna.

And then they told all. Their parents looked at each other. "What may it mean," they thought "that our children have shown kindness even to the beasts of the forest?"

It was evening, and the cotter's family sat down to read their Bible. There were beautiful words about mercy and loving kindness toward all creatures, even toward the lowliest, even toward enemies, and toward animals.

When they had finished their reading, they began to eat the evening meal. It was a pleasure to see the children nibbling the hard bread and drinking water in order to leave the new bread and milk for their parents. But the parents would not have it so. They shared the new bread and the milk with the children.

But now they noticed a strange thing. No mat-

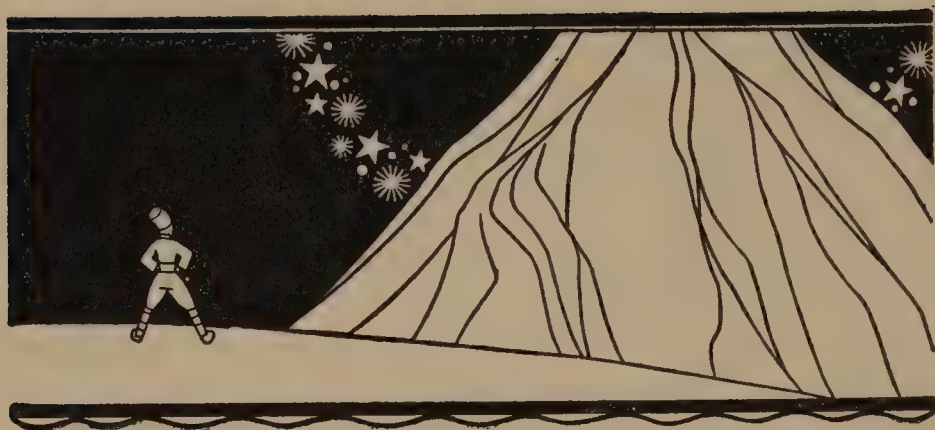
THE LITTLE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS FEAST

ter how many pieces of soft bread they broke off, the loaf did not grow smaller, and though they poured out one cup of milk after another, the pitcher was full.

While they were wondering about this, they heard a noise. When they looked up, they saw the bear and the wolf at the window looking in and nodding their thanks in the kindest manner. But behind them the old owl was heard hooting:

*"You chastise, hoo! hoo!
I grow wise, hoo! hoo!"*

Then the good people knew that a special blessing had come to their evening meal, and they folded their hands and returned thanks to God.



SAMPO LAPPELILL

I

SAMPO SUGAR-SWEET

THERE was once on a time a Lapp man and a Lapp woman. Now the Lapps are a strange people.

In Lapland you will find no cultivated fields, no trees to speak of, and no real houses. Instead you may see everywhere around you immense wastes and high mountains, and little huts which you can enter only by crawling in through a small hole in the side. During half of the year there is almost continual day. About the middle of summer the sun never sets. During the other

half of the year there is almost continual darkness. The stars shine throughout the whole day in winter.

Ten months of the year there is winter with sleighing. Then you can see the Lapp children and Lapp women glide over the snow in little boats which they call *pulcas*. Instead of horses they use reindeer. Have you ever seen a reindeer? They are about the size of a small horse, and have large branching horns or antlers. They have pretty little heads with large bright eyes. They run over hills and mountains with the speed of the wind.

As has already been said, there was once upon a time a Lapp man and a Lapp woman. They lived far away in Lapland in a place called Aimio.

This district is a wild waste, but the Lapp man and Lapp woman felt certain that nowhere on earth could one find such white snow, such beautiful, clear stars and majestic Northern Lights as at Aimio.

Here they built themselves a hut such as you find everywhere in Lapland. Trees do not grow

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there, except small slender birches which look more like bushes than trees.

The Lapp man and Lapp woman took little birch rods or poles and stuck them in a circle in the snow. Then they tied the tops together, and covered the whole with reindeer-skins till it looked like a gray sugar-loaf. But at the top of this sugar-loaf they left an opening for the smoke to escape through when they built a fire in the hut. They also left another hole, on the south side, to crawl in and out of. Such was the Lapp man's hut, and he thought it a warm and very nice home, though there was no other bed and no other floor than the white snow.

The Lapp man and Lapp woman had a little boy, whom they called *Sampo*, which means in their language *wealth* or *good luck*. But Sampo was rich enough to have two names. One was not enough. *Lappelill*, Sugar-Sweetness, was his other name. *Sampo Lappelill*, his mother called him.

"But I like just *Sampo* much better as a name," remonstrated the Lapp man, "*Sampo* means wealth, and I tell thee, Mother, don't

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spoil the boy's name. Our Sampo will yet be a King of the Lapps and rule over a thousand reindeer and fifty Lapp huts. Thou shalt see! Thou shalt see!"

"Yes, but Lappelill sounds much better," replied the woman, and she continued to call the boy Lappelill, but the father called him Sampo. But the boy had not yet been baptized, for there was no minister within one hundred and forty miles.

"Next year we will drive to the minister's and have the boy christened," the Lapp man said.

But there was always something to prevent them from making the journey, and so Sampo stayed unchristened.

II

HIS WONDERFUL JOURNEY

SAMPO LAPPELILL was now a chubby boy with black hair, brown eyes, pug-nose, and wide mouth just like his papa's. Sampo was a brave and strong boy for his years. He had his own skees, on which he could slide down the highest

hills. He also had his own little reindeer, which he hitched to his own *pulca*. And *whiz!* how the snow flew about him when he drove through the drifts so that all one could see of him was a little tuft of his black hair.

"I can never rest easy until the boy is baptized," said his mother. "The wolves may catch him some day on the mountains, or he may run across Hiisi's Reindeer with the Golden Horns. Then God help the poor fellow who is not baptized!"

Sampo overheard these words and began to wonder what sort of a reindeer it could be that had golden horns.

"It must be a fine reindeer," he said. "I ought to get it some day and ride to Rastekais."

Now Rastekais is a very high and bleak mountain, thirty-five or forty miles from Aimio.

"Do not talk such nonsense, you rash youngster," scolded the mother. "Rastekais is the home of the Trolls and of Hiisi."

"Hiisi? Who is Hiisi?" asked Sampo.

The mother hardly knew what to say. "Children have ears," she thought to herself. "And

why should I talk about such things in his hearing? But it may be just as well that he be warned against Rastekais."

So she said to Sampo:

"Dear Lappelill, you must never drive to Rastekais, for there lives Hiisi, the great Mountain King, who eats a reindeer in a bite and devours little boys like gnats."

Sampo looked very thoughtful but did not speak. But to himself he said, "It would be a rare sight, indeed, to see such a monster. But of course at a safe distance!"

It was now about three or four weeks after Christmas, and it was yet dark, night and day, in Lapland. There was neither morning, noon, nor evening, but one continual night. The moon shone, and the Northern Lights streamed, and the stars sparkled throughout the twenty-four hours of the day.

Sampo got tired of it all. It was so long since he had seen the sun that he had almost forgotten what it looked like. And when any one spoke of summer, it only reminded Sampo of the time when the mosquitoes were so bad and wanted to

eat him up. The summer, he thought, might just as well stay away if there were only light so that he could see to slide on his skees.

One day at noon, although it was dark, the Lapp man called:

"Come here, Sampo, and I will show you something."

Sampo crawled out of the hut and looked straight toward the south, the direction in which his father was pointing. There was a little red streak along the horizon.

"Do you know what that is?" asked the father.

"That must be southern lights," answered Sampo, who knew his directions perfectly, and also knew that he could not see the Northern Lights in the south.

"No," said the father, "that means the sun is coming back. To-morrow or the next day we may perhaps behold the sun itself. Only see how wonderfully the red glare lights up the top of Rastekais."

Sampo turned toward the west and saw how the snow on the cold, bleak top of Rastekais was colored red as if it were on fire. Sampo thought

what fun it would be to see the terrible Mountain King, who could swallow little children like gnats. "But only at a safe distance!" he said to himself.

Sampo thought and thought about this for the rest of the day and half of the night. He could not fall asleep.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could get a glimpse of the Mountain King!" he said to himself.

And at this thought he crept quietly out from under the reindeer-covering and crawled through the door-hole of the hut. It was very cold. The stars twinkled with a peculiar brightness and the snow squeaked under his feet.

But Sampo Lappelill was hardy and cared not a mite for the cold. Besides he was well dressed in a skin jacket, skin breeches, skin shoes, skin cap, and skin mittens. Thus provided against the cold, he looked quietly up at the stars, and wondered what he should do.

Just then he heard his little reindeer scratch in the snow, and the thought came to him, "What if I should take a short drive!"

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No sooner said than done. Sampo hitched his reindeer to his *pulca*, and then drove off across the wide wastes of snow.

"I will drive a little way toward Rastekais," he thought, "only a little way."

And off he went across the frozen river and up the other side of the Tana. He was now in the kingdom of Norway, as the Tana is the boundary river. But Sampo did not know this.

Then Sampo Lappelill as he sat in his *pulca*, sang to his reindeer:

*"Fleeting is the day,
But the way is long!
Speed thee at my song.
Let us haste away
For no rest is here,
Only wolves appear."*

And as Sampo sang he could see in the darkness around him, the wolves running like gray dogs and snatching at the reindeer. But Sampo did not care. He knew well that no wolf was so swift as his good little reindeer.

Whew! how this reindeer went over the hills

and rocks so that the air fairly roared in his ears. But Sampo let the reindeer go. The moon in the sky seemed to race with the reindeer, and the cliffs and mountains seemed to run the other way. But Sampo only cheered the reindeer on.

But it happened that while running down hill the *pulca* upset and Sampo was left lying in the snow-drift. The reindeer did not notice it, but thought that Sampo was still in the *pulca*, and so it kept on running. Sampo's mouth was filled with snow and he could not call out. There he lay like a helpless mountain-mouse in the midst of the darkness and in the midst of the boundless waste with no human house for miles around.

Sampo got up out of the snow. He was not hurt at all. But what good did that do him? As far as he could see in the dim moonlight there was nothing but snow-drifts and mountains. One mountain rose higher than all the others, and Sampo knew that he was now at the foot of Rastekais.

At once he remembered that here dwelt the terrible Mountain King who ate a reindeer at a bite and swallowed little boys like gnats. Sampo

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Lappelill was frightened. How gladly would he now have been at home again with his father and mother in the warm little hut! But how was he to get there? And before he could get there, might not the Mountain King find him in the drift and swallow him with breeches and mittens like any poor and helpless little gnat?

Yes, Sampo Lappelill sat there alone in the snow and darkness on Lapland's lonely mountain. And it was so strange and weird to sit there and watch the dark shadow of the mountain where dwelt the terrible Mountain King. It did not help him to sit there and cry, for all his tears froze and rolled like peas down upon his deer-skin jacket. So Sampo thought it was not any use to cry, and up he jumped from the snow-drift to run about and get warm.

"If I stay here, I'll freeze to death," he said to himself. "No, I'd rather go to the Mountain King and if he eats me up, he eats me up. But I'll tell him he had better eat the wolves, they would be fatter steaks, and he would have less trouble with their coats."

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III

THE KING OF THE TROLLS

So saying Sampo began to climb the mountain. He had not gone far, before he heard something shuffling in the snow. Looking around he found a large shaggy wolf at his side. His heart gave a jump, but he decided to appear perfectly cool and not at all afraid.

"Don't run in my way," he cried to the wolf. "I have an errand to the Mountain King. Take care of your precious skin if you do me any harm."

"No haste now," replied the wolf, for on Rastekais all animals can talk. "Who are you, little mite, crawling through the deep snow?"

"I am Sampo Lappelill," answered he. "Who are you?"

"I am the Mountain King's Master Wolf," replied the wolf, "and I have run around the mountain to call together all his people to the great Sun Feast. As you are going the same way as I am, you may climb upon my back and ride to the top."

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Sampo did not hesitate, but climbed upon the shaggy back of the wolf. Then it went in a flying gallop over cliffs and precipices.

"What do you mean by a Sun Feast?" asked Sampo as they sped along.

"Don't you know?" replied the wolf. "When it has been dark here in Lapland all winter and the sun for the first time shows itself in the sky, we celebrate the Feast of the Sun. All animals and all Trolls in the north gather at Rastekais. On that day no one is allowed to harm anyone else. This was fortunate for you, Sampo Lappelill, or I should long ago have eaten you up."

"Does the same rule apply to the Mountain King?" asked Sampo.

"Of course," replied the wolf. "For one hour before sunrise and one hour after sunset, the King will not dare to touch a hair of your head. But look out for yourself when that time is up, for if you are still on the mountain, a hundred thousand wolves and a thousand bears will be after you, and the King himself will seize the first thing in his way. Then it will soon be over with Sampo Lappelill!"

“Perhaps you will be so kind as to help me again when the danger time comes?” asked Sampo with fast beating heart.

The wolf began to laugh, for on Rastekais all the wolves can laugh.

“Don’t you think it, dear Sampo!” said he. “I will be the first one to grab you. You are a fat chubby boy, well fed with reindeer milk and cheese. You will be a fine morsel for breakfast.”

Sampo began to wonder whether he had not better jump down and try to make his escape, but it was too late. They had already reached the top of the mountain. And there a wonderful sight met his eyes.

Upon a throne of lofty cliffs sat the King looking through the night out over the mountain and valley. On his head he wore a cap of white snow-clouds. His eyes were like a full moon when it rises over the mountains. His nose was like a mountain-top, his mouth like a great cave, and his beard like a mighty cluster of icicles. His arms were as thick as the largest pine. His legs and feet were like a coasting-hill in winter, and his coat like a mountain of snow.

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But do you ask how Sampo could see in the dark? Then let me tell you that the whole mountain was brilliant with the most majestic Northern Lights you ever saw.

And all around the Mountain King sat millions of Trolls and Brownies, so small that when they moved about in the snow they made no longer footprints than a squirrel. They had gathered from all parts of the world—from Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, Greenland, Iceland, and even from the North Pole to worship the sun, as the heathen sometimes do—to worship the evil powers from fear. The Trolls do not like the sun and wish that it would never come back again when it sinks below the horizon.

And beyond the Trolls and the Dwarfs stood in long, close ranks all Lapland's animals, large and small—thousands and again thousands—bears, wolves, wolverines, and even the kind, useful reindeer. The mosquito was absent with good excuse. It was frozen to death.

All this Sampo saw with much wonder and surprise. He jumped down from the back of the

wolf, and hid behind a boulder to watch what would happen.

The King raised his head high so that the snow flew in clouds about the top of the mountain. Then the Northern Lights streamed out like a halo around his forehead. The Northern Lights flashed in white and pink streams over the heavens and they crackled and sputtered like a forest fire. They spread over the heavens then vanished away. They flared forth again, and flamed brightly. And the streams of light flew like arrows over the snowy mountain-top.

This delighted the King. He clapped his mighty hands till the mountain echoes rolled like thunder all around. The Trolls piped with joy, and all the animals were filled with terror. This delighted the King the more, and he cried with a loud voice all over the wide waste:

“Thus it should be! Thus it should be! Eternal winter! Eternal night!”

“Yes, so shall it be! So shall it be!” cried all the Trolls, for they love darkness and winter better than light and summer.

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But among the animals there was a great murmur. The beasts of prey agreed with the Trolls, but the reindeer and others liked summer, except for the mosquitoes. Only the little reindeer-flea wanted summer all the time, and piped in a small voice:

“O Lord and King, have we not come here to watch for the sun?”

“Hold your peace, you miserable vermin!” roared the polar bear. “It is only an old custom that has brought us here. But this year it is glorious! The sun is gone forever. The sun has gone out. The sun is dead.”

“The sun has gone out! The sun is dead!” cried the animals and a shiver passed through all Nature at the thought.

But the Trolls laughed till their caps rolled off their heads, and the great Mountain King raised his mighty voice once more and shouted over the wild waste:

“So should it be! So should it be! The sun is dead. All the world will fall down and worship me—the King of Winter and Night.”

But this angered Sampo Lappelill. He arose

from his hiding place and cried boldly:

“You lie, O King, you lie with all your might. But yesterday I saw the sun beginning to come back. The sun is not dead, and your beard shall yet melt in the sun when Midsummer comes.”

At these words a cloud spread over the face of the great King. He forgot the law, and raised his huge arm to crush Sampo Lappelill. But just then the Northern Lights paled and a streak of red appeared in the southern horizon. It shone the King full in his frosty face, and for a moment blinded him. His arm fell to his side.

Then was seen the golden disk of the sun slowly and majestically raising itself over the horizon, lighting up the mountain, the waste plains, the drifts, the cliffs, the Trolls, the beasts, and brave Sampo Lappelill. All at once there was a glimmer as if a million roses had rained down upon the mountain-top and the sun shone into all eyes and into all hearts. Even some who had rejoiced in the thought that the sun was dead were glad to see it again.

It was really funny to watch the Trolls staring at the sun with their little gray eyes, from beneath

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their little red nightcaps. They were charmed even against their will, and in their delirium they stood on their heads in the snow. But the beard of the terrible Mountain King began to melt and roll down in large drops upon his immense jacket.

But when all had looked for a while at the sun, the first hour was about up. Then Sampo Lap-pelill heard one of the reindeer say to its little one:

“Come, come, my Child! We must now away, or we shall be eaten by the wolves.”

Then Sampo remembered what fate awaited him if he tarried longer, and as he saw close beside him a fine Reindeer with Golden Horns he at once mounted the deer. Away he went with lightning speed down the mountain-side.

“What may this roaring sound be, that I hear behind us?” asked Sampo when he had taken breath after the terrible ride down the mountain.

“It is the thousand bears pursuing us to swallow us up,” replied the reindeer. “But be not afraid. I am the King’s own Enchanted Reindeer, and no bear has ever yet touched my heels.”



AWAY HE WENT DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE

And so they raced on.

And by and by Sampo asked, "But what is this strange panting behind us?"

And the reindeer replied, "It is the hundred thousand wolves after us to devour us. But be not afraid. No wolf can race with me in the wild wastes of Rastekais."

And again after a while Sampo Lappelill said, "Is it thundering in the mountain behind us?"

"No," said the reindeer and began to tremble in every limb. "It is the Mountain King himself who is coming down the mountain with giant-steps to catch us. Now it is all over with us! From him no one can escape!"

"Is there then no help?" asked Sampo.

"No," said the reindeer, "there is no way of escape, except to try to reach Enare parsonage over yonder. If we reach it we are safe, for the Mountain King has no power over a Christian man."

"Yes," said Sampo. "Run, my faithful reindeer, over hill and plain, and I will give you golden oats to eat out of a silver manger."

And the reindeer ran for dear life. And just as

he entered the parsonage, the Mountain-King strode into its garden, and began to pound at the door, till it seemed as though the house would tumble down.

"Who is there?" asked the parson.

"It is I," answered the King with the voice of thunder. "Open the door to the Mountain King. There is an unchristened child within, and all such heathen belong to me."

"Just wait a moment," answered the parson inside.

"Very well!" roared the King. "But be quick or I will kick your house down."

"In a moment, your Highness," replied the parson.

Then he took a cup of water and baptized Sampo Lappelill, and he was no longer a heathen.

"Are you not ready yet?" roared the King and raised his immense foot to kick the house over.

But just then the parson opened the door and said, "Depart, you King of Winter and Darkness, for you have nothing further to do with this child. The sun of God's grace now shines

upon Sampo Lappelill, and he no longer belongs to you but to the Kingdom of God."

The Mountain King flew into such a fearful rage that he burst asunder into a most terrific snowstorm. It snowed, and snowed, and snowed until it reached the top of the parsonage and everybody expected to be buried alive in the snow-drift. But the parson was calm and repeated his prayers out of the sacred book, and waited for the morning.

And when the morning came the sun shone on the snow and the snow melted. The parsonage and all within were saved, but the Mountain King was gone. Nobody knows what became of him. Some think that he still lives and reigns at Rastekais.

Sampo thanked the good parson and borrowed a *pulca* from him. He then hitched the Reindeer with the Golden Horns to the *pulca*, and rode back to his parents in Aimio. There was great rejoicing at his home when Sampo Lappelill returned.

But how Sampo afterwards became a great man and fed his reindeer on golden oats in a

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silver manger is another story too long to tell now.

Sampo Lappelill knows what it means when the thunder rolls in the mountains.





THE PRINCESS LINDENGOLD

I

PURER THAN CRYSTAL

AND now let us hasten on the wings of the wind to the land of the lily and the rose, where sweet little Fairies build their airy castles in the glow of the dawn, and Black Gnomes fly about in the midnight darkness; where the sun glows like a ball of fire over the mountains of Ginnistan; where the water-lilies mirror themselves in the deep and quiet lakes, and where the eyes of the fierce tiger glow among reeds along the river banks; and where the people, sun-burnt

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and dark-eyed, burn with love or glow with hate.

We hasten to Persia.

There was once a king of Persia named Nadir Shah. He was immensely rich. Under his scepter were many wide and beautiful lands and millions of people. He had large chambers filled with gold and precious stones. His ships, laden with the spices of India, sailed over every sea. When he appeared in public there stood about him a body-guard of a hundred thousand men with silver armor glowing like fire in the rays of the sun, and fifty thousand knights mounted on the finest steeds with bridles of gold and saddles studded with jewels—all ready at the King's signal to go forth to the conquest of the world.

But the powerful Nadir Shah was old and had no longer any desire for war and conquests. He had won many victories in his day. Hostile cities had been consumed by his fire and armies cut down by his sword when his arm was young and strong. But now he was old and feeble, and spent most of his time resting upon the soft divans within his beautiful palace.

Only at times, when in the spring the gold-

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bordered clouds hid Persia's burning sun from view, and a delightful coolness streamed down from the Zagros mountains, old Nadir Shah, seated upon a golden palanquin borne by eight black slaves all dressed in silver robes, would come forth to review his army or witness the fights of wild beasts.

Nadir Shah had many wives, as is the custom in the East, and he had a large number of sons. But his sons were little joy to him, for they were greedy and ungrateful. They thought that their father lived too long, and they plotted against his life and his crown.

He, therefore, sent his sons away from his Court to distant provinces, which they were to rule as his lieutenants. He kept with him his only daughter, the Princess Lindengold, for her he loved more than anything else on earth, yes, more than all his treasures and his whole Kingdom.

Now, it is true that such a name as Lindengold had never before been heard in Persia. Lindengold's mother had come from the distant north. In her girlhood she had been carried off by Afri-

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can pirates. Because of her rare beauty, she had been sold to the King of Persia, who had made her his Sultana, and loved her more than all his other wives.

This beautiful Sultana was now dead. She had called her little daughter Lindengold, hoping that the child would become as beautiful and pure as the golden sunshine playing among the lindens in her mother's native northland.

And it is true that no sweeter and purer being could be found on this stained earth. Lindengold had the kingly bearing of her father, but her features and her heart were her mother's. Her complexion was as pure as snow, and her eyes as mild as stars in August when no moon appears. Her heart was noble, tender, and good. There was no one in all the Kingdom who did not love the Princess Lindengold, for the fame of her beauty and goodness had spread throughout all Persia.

This the old King knew very well, and his proud heart became soft as wax whenever he looked upon his kind and lovely child. She was the delight of his eyes, of his thoughts by day and

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his dreams by night. One word from her disarmed his keenest wrath. No prayer of hers for some unfortunate prisoner could the King ever refuse. And when he thought of his wicked sons, he made up his mind to choose for his daughter some worthy husband and give the whole kingdom to them and their descendants.

Indeed, Nadir Shah loved his daughter so much that he cared more for her than for all his million subjects. He loved her even more than his God. He adored her as no mortal should ever adore another.

One could have no lovelier home than had Princess Lindengold. In the cool park, beneath the lofty palms, surrounded by the murmur of a hundred fountains, and enveloped in the fragrance of a thousand flowers, stood her beautiful marble palace. The sun's rays were reflected by crystal windows. On soft silken pillows she rested by night. But by day sitting with her maids she embroidered beautiful designs, or listened to the songs of birds and the sweet strains of the cithern, or strolled in the garden and park. She played like a child with golden butterflies and

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roses. For the Princess Lindengold was not more than twelve years old. But twelve years in the East is as old as sixteen in the North.

The Princess Lindengold was sad. She did not know why, but the flutter of the butterflies, the fragrance of the flowers, the murmur of the fountains, and the tones of the cithern amused her no more. Her heart felt empty and she was often ready to cry. This she could not understand.

She did not know, the little Lindengold, that no earthly picture is truly light and beautiful unless sorrow and trouble stand as a frame around it, setting off the lights in greater splendor. It was even so with her life. She had to pass through sorrow in order to enjoy happiness more fully.

At last the Princess thought that she had found the reason of this sadness. It must be because she was so closely shut up in her palace. She wanted for once to see and enjoy the great crowds of the people in mighty Ispahan. And the next time her father came to visit her, she asked him to let her see the fight between the wild

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beasts, which was soon to be held in honor of the King's sixtieth birthday. And as the King could never deny his daughter anything he gave his permission, although for the first time he did it unwillingly.

II

THE GIANT BOM BALI

NADIR SHAH was a mighty King, whom one half of Asia obeyed. Now, such men have many enemies. One of them, Nadir Shah so thoroughly despised that he shaved off his beard and let him go. This enemy was the King of the Giants of Turan, the great country of mountains and deserts north of Persia. This Giant King's name was Bom Bali.

In one of his raids in the far North, Giant Bom Bali had captured a Lapland Wizard named Hirmu, who at will could change himself into any kind of animal and back to a man. When Giant Bom Bali, through his spies, had learned that there was to be a great fight of wild beasts at Ispahan, he summoned Hirmu, the Wizard, and said:

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“Dog, wouldst thou live?”

And Hirmu answered, “My Lord, may thy shadow never grow less. Thou knowest that thy dog desireth to live.”

And Bom Bali said, “The first day of the month there will be a great celebration at Ispahan. Nadir Shah has sent out his huntsmen to our mountains to capture wild animals. Change thyself into a tiger, and allow them to capture thee. Seek a chance to carry off Lindengold, who is the pride of Nadir Shah and of all Persia.”

“Thy dog will do as thou sayest,” replied the Wizard.

The first day of the month was at last come. All was ready for the great show. Some of the fiercest animals of India, Arabia, Turan, and even of the Sahara, had been captured and were kept in cages and closets along the sides of the arena. Seats were arranged in tiers to hold sixty thousand people. For the safety of the people, the arena, upon which the beasts were to fight, was surrounded by a strong and high iron fence.

Early in the morning, the city was in motion. Lindengold was as happy as a child. She was to

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fly like a captive bird from her cage. She was to see a real show, where the actors were real lions and tigers.

The people had all assembled and were only waiting for Nadir Shah. Finally he came accompanied by his splendid body-guard and his beautiful daughter, the Princess Lindengold. She was closely veiled. Accompanied by her maids, she rode upon the prettiest little striped zebra you ever saw, which arched its neck in pride at carrying such a beautiful burden.

And though the people could not see Lindengold's face, they had all heard of her wonderful beauty and goodness. They knew that by her prayers she had saved many a poor captive's life, and that every day she sent out her maids with medicine and food to the poor of Ispahan. Therefore, when the Princess now for the first time showed herself in public, there arose such a shout of joy from the sixty thousand throats, as had not been heard in Persia since the day that Nadir Shah had returned from one of his victorious campaigns with twenty captive kings in his train.

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The Princess took her seat beside the King upon one of the richly embroidered pillows that lay upon the royal rug. And then the fight began.

First there was a cock-fight. The poor fowls picked off each other's feathers, while the people roared with laughter. Some thought it was rare sport, but Lindengold did not enjoy it at all.

Then followed a fight between a wildcat and an eagle.

Then two immense crocodiles were brought in a large vat filled with water. Between them was thrown a dead pig. The crocodiles discovered the dead pig and both rushed toward it. There was a terrible fight over it. The sharp teeth of neither crocodile could penetrate through the hard shell of the other. The fight might have lasted until now, if one of them had not tumbled on its back, while the other swallowed the pig and thus won the prize.

The next was a fight between six large Arabian dogs and the same number of jackals from the deserts of Turan. The six jackals tried hard to escape, but failed, and were compelled to fight.

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And what a fight there was! At last five of the dogs lay dead on the arena, while only one of the jackals had fallen. Then was heard a quick, sharp whistle. It was the brave Saracen, Prince Abderraman, encouraging his favorite dog Valledivan. The dog knew his master's voice, fought harder, and finally felled the five remaining jackals. With a tremendous shout the people declared Abderraman's dog a hero.

A fight between hyenas and wolves was followed by one between a leopard and a panther, in which the panther came out victorious.

At last a large elephant from India, bearing a little tower on its back, was led in. Four archers were seated in the tower. They were to fight a large and beautiful royal tiger. At the tiger the archers pointed their arrows, but he sat crouching and did not seem to wish to fight. At last, however, he was wounded in the nose by a flying arrow. He uttered a tremendous roar, made a spring, and lighted upon the trunk of the elephant. The elephant in turn roared with pain, and raising its mighty trunk flung the tiger

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to the ground with such force that for a moment he seemed dead.

After the royal tiger had been allowed a few moments' rest, there was led into the arena a majestic lion. Then ensued the most terrible fight of the day. The country around for miles re-echoed with the roar of the infuriated beasts. The sand of the arena was tossed high in the air. The spectators were breathless with fear and awe. At last the tiger wounded and exhausted sank lifeless to the ground. The lion was led away in triumph.

Lindengold was curious to see the wild beasts at closer range. She, who hitherto had seen nothing but flowers and singing birds, had no idea how these fearful beasts looked. She therefore, went down to the arena accompanied by her maids and a guard, while slaves spread gold-embroidered rugs before her lest she might soil her feet on the gory sand.

What should she fear? All the living beasts were shut up, and the one most dreaded, the royal tiger, lay dead upon the arena. She went up to the fallen tiger to admire his beautiful

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color. She decided to ask her father for the tiger's skin as a mat for her marble palace.

But suddenly the fallen tiger sprang to his feet, caught the Princess Lindengold between his horrible jaws, and ran off with lightning speed.

A cry of horror went up from thousands of throats. But no one had the courage to pursue the tiger, except the brave Prince Abderraman. With great courage he threw himself in the path of the flying beast. A desperate struggle ensued. The tiger triumphed. The brave Prince lay helpless and bleeding, without his right arm. The tiger made off with Lindengold.

Great was the sorrow of the aged Nadir Shah, and great was the sorrow of Ispahan and all Persia. The King's guard and his fifty thousand knights rushed forth to seek the Princess. They searched every bush, every cave in the wastes of Turan where the tiger had been captured. Hundreds of tigers fell victims to their shafts, but all in vain. Nothing could be seen of Lindengold.

Nadir Shah tore his gray hair and cursed his sixtieth birthday, which had cost him his dearest

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treasure on earth, his Lindengold. He ordered all the people to put on mourning for her as over the death of a Sultana.

He further issued a proclamation, that whosoever should restore to him his daughter alive should receive the hand of the Princess and the crown of Persia. He who brought her back dead, should receive as a reward sixty donkeys laden with gold and precious things.

The hope of such a reward induced many noble Princes to attempt the search. But sooner or later they all returned empty-handed—all but the brave Prince Abderraman. He made a solemn vow to keep up the search for fifteen years, and to rescue Lindengold with his left arm, or to die in the attempt.

III

TIGER-WIZARD

IF Lindengold had been carried off by a real tiger our story would no doubt end here, for to a royal tiger nothing is sacred, not even the most beautiful Princess in the world. But it was not

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so. The wizard Hirmu had changed himself into *that tiger*, had allowed himself to be caught, had played dead upon the arena, and had made the chance to carry off the Princess. But instead of taking her to King Bom Bali in Turan, he decided to keep Lindengold himself, and so carried her off to his own home in distant Lapland.

It was the fall of the year, and there was darkness in Lapland. The old Lapp Woman Pimpedora sat in her tent stirring a kettle of mush over the fire. Her son, Pimpepanturi, sat patiently waiting for the mush, staring at his rough reindeer-skin boots. Pimpepanturi was a good-natured lad, but a little stupid and not a little lazy into the bargain. His father Hirmu had tried to make a Wizard of him, but had failed, for Pimpepanturi liked better to eat and sleep than to learn anything. The old Lapp Woman now turned to the boy, and said:

“Do you hear a noise?”

“I hear the fire crackle and the mush sputter in the kettle,” replied Pimpepanturi with a yawn.

“Do you not hear a roaring in the distance?” asked she again.

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"Yes," said Pimpepanturi, "it is the wolf catching one of our reindeer."

"No," returned the woman, "it is Father coming home. He has been away four winters. But I hear him coming like a wild beast. He must be in a hurry to come home now."

Just then Hirmu entered in the shape of a tiger with Lindengold in his mouth. He laid down his burden on the soft moss of the tent floor, became a man again, and said:

"What have you to eat, Mother? I have run a great distance."

The poor Lapp Woman came near falling into the kettle from fright, but she saw it was her husband. She promised him a good supper, if he would tell where he had been these four winters, and what this fine doll was that he had brought home with him.

"It is too long to tell," returned the Wizard. "Attend to this doll. Give her some reindeer-milk that she may revive. She is a Princess from Persia and will bring us good luck."

The Princess Lindengold was not dead, not

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even hurt. She had only fainted from fear. When she came to herself she lay in her fine robes of silk and pearls and silver on a reindeer-skin spread upon moss in the tent. It was dark and cold. The glare of the fire lighted up the old tent and the Lapp Woman, who was giving her reindeer-milk to drink. Lindengold thought herself in the abodes of the dead, and wept bitterly to be snatched away so young, from Persia's sun and Ispahan's beautiful rose-gardens.

The Wizard had in the meantime made up a cunning plan to win Persia's wealth, and said to Lindengold:

"Don't cry, beautiful Princess, you are not dead. You have only been carried away by a fierce tiger. My son the brave Knight, Morus Pandorus von Pikkulukulikuckulu, has rescued you at much danger to his own precious life. We will be your slaves and serve you with great zeal, until we have the chance of returning you to Persia."

"Why do you lie so, Hirmu?" exclaimed the honest old Lapp Woman in her own language.

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“My wife says,” continued the Wizard to Lindengold, “that if you will marry our son, the incomparably handsome and brave Knight, Morus Pandorus von Pikkulukulikuckulu, we will take you to Persia at once.”

Pimpepanturi did not understand the Persian language, but his eyes grew big when his father led him before the Princess and made him bend his awkward back into something like a bow.

Lindengold would not have been a Princess and the daughter of the proud Nadir Shah, if she had not felt insulted by such presumption. She looked at the Wizard, she looked at his awkward son—no, she did not *look*, she fairly shot fire from her eyes at them until both were terribly frightened.

“No!” muttered the Wizard. “This will not do, she must be tamed first.”

The Wizard had curtained off a little corner of his tent and into this he put Lindengold, and gave her a tiny piece of reindeer-cheese and a cup of snow-water each day. Here she was left alone and in darkness, for at this time of the year in Lapland, the sun never rises. The Northern

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Lights could shine in only through an opening in the tent.

Poor Lindengold! she had shot fire like lightning from her eyes, but after the lightning comes the rain. And Lindengold wept. She wept as only one can weep who is twelve years old, and has been a Princess in Persia and lived in rose-gardens and beautiful marble palaces, and has been waited on by friendly little maids; and then is suddenly transported to a Lapland winter and left cold and hungry, frightened and alone to pine in darkness. She wept as the dew does of evenings in the gardens of Ispahan. She wept until she fell asleep.

And then there stood at her side the good old friend, the Sleep Man, whom the Finns call Nukku Matti. He took her in his arms and carried her softly to Dreamland's shores, and laid her upon a bed of fragrant flowers. All was so peaceful and calm. The soft moonlight spread over the date-palms and myrtle groves, just as in Persia's loveliest spring. Little dream-maidens danced up to her in their silken shoes over velvet carpets, and led her back to her home, to her

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father, the aged Nadir Shah, to her kind little maids, and to every dear place of her childhood. And thus passed that winter night.

Thus passed many, many weeks and months. And Lindengold was patient, she wept no more. The little dream-maidens had told her to wait and her deliverer would come.

But who was to rescue her? Who could find the way across the dreary wastes of snow and ice in Lapland? The Lapp Woman wanted to rescue Lindengold, but she feared her husband. Pimpepanturi had thought of rescuing her, but for this he was too lazy.

And the winter passed, the sun began to shine, the snow melted, and the mosquitoes danced. Then thought the Wizard:

“Now she must be tame.”

He went to Lindengold and asked her if she would go to Persia. All she needed to do, was to take the brave and handsome Knight, Morus Pandorus von Pikkulukulikuckulu, for a husband, and the reindeer were ready to take her and her bridegroom to the south.

Lindengold did not shoot fire from her eyes

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any more. She thought only of the young Prince Abderraman who had bled on the sands of Ispahan for her sake. She hid her face and made no reply.

The Wizard grew very angry. There was a high mountain and in the mountain a deep cave. In this cave he now shut up Lindengold and said to her:

“The cloudberryes will soon be ripe, now count the days well. The first day I will give you thirty berryes to eat and thirty dewdrops to drink, the next day twenty-nine berryes and twenty-nine dewdrops and so on, one less for each day. On the last day I shall demand your answer.”

And Lindengold sat there shut up in the cave for thirty days and nights. It is true that there was no dark night now in Lapland, but it was always dark in the cave. And the berryes and the dewdrops became fewer and fewer, but the Princess did not grow thinner or paler, for what she missed during the day the Sleep Man and the dreams made up for during the nights. They lifted the top of the cave with their wonderful

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power, and she could see the glowing Midnight Sun, and hear the murmur of the mountain stream. There rained into the cave a sweet honeydew to refresh her. She thought of Prince Abderaman, and sang Eastern songs, and listened with delight to their echoes which the cave repeated after her.

On the thirtieth day, the Wizard brought her the last berry and the last dewdrop in a leaf of Lapland birch.

“Now, then,” said he, “have you decided?”

Lindengold only covered her face and made no reply.

“I will grant you one more day,” said the Wizard, “and now I will give you a great company.”

So saying he opened the door of the cave and in rushed a dark cloud of Lapland mosquitoes, thousands, and thousands, and again thousands, till the cave was filled as with a thick smoke.

“I wish you much joy from your new acquaintances,” said the Wizard and slammed the cave-door shut after him.

Lindengold did not understand what he

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meant, for she knew as little of Lapland's mosquitoes as of Persia's fireflies. She had always had a maid stand by her with a fan to keep off all the pests of the air, whether she was awake or asleep. She was saved even now from feeling their stings, for as the door was shut, a light veil, such as the Fairies weave, fell over her. The mosquitoes could not pass through it, and after trying and trying again they finally settled like spider-webs along every crack and corner of the cave.

About midnight the door was softly opened and the Lapp Woman entered with a bucket in her hand, and after her came Pimpepanturi with a burning pine-knot.

"Poor child!" said the good old woman, "I feel sorry for you. But I dare not let you out, for my Husband would change me into a mouse. But I have brought you a little pine turpentine. Rub it all over your body, it is the best thing to keep off mosquitoes."

"And I have brought you a smoked reindeer-shoulder," said Pimpepanturi in a generous

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tone, "so that you may not starve to death. It is a little gnawed at the end, for I got terribly hungry on the way, but there is still some meat upon it. I took the key to the cave while Father slept. But I dare not let you out, for Father would change me into a wolverine. But you need not take me as a husband, for I'll wager you could not make me a good blood-dumpling."

"No, that I couldn't," replied Lindengold, and thanked them for their kindness, but declared that she was neither hungry nor bitten by mosquitoes.

"Just keep the turpentine anyhow for safety's sake," said the woman.

"Yes, keep the reindeer-shoulder, too," added Pimpepanturi.

"Many, many thanks," said Lindengold.

The next morning came and with it the Wizard. He expected now to find Lindengold as tame as any person can be who is half dead with mosquito-bites. But when he saw her as well as ever, and when she again covered her face and made no reply, his anger knew no bounds.

"Come out," roared he.

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IV

THE ENCHANTED HEATH-FLOWER

AND Lindengold came forth into the bright sunshine, as light and sweet as a Fairy in a moonbeam.

"I could take you to the Giant, Bom Bali," said the Wizard. "He would give six donkey-loads of gold to have you in his possession, if only for a day. But hear my plan. You are to be a heath-flower on this Lapland heath, and live as long as a heath-flower lives. Watch the sun. It is low in the heavens. In two weeks and a day the first polar frost will come. Then the heath-flowers die. I will ask you again the day before the frost."

He remained silent for a few moments as if he even now expected her reply. But when Lindengold again covered her face and said nothing, he exclaimed in great anger:

"Adóma donäi marrabataësan!" which means
"O human life, sink into a flower."

The Wizard had learned these words one

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autumn afternoon, when the south-wind came from the deserts of Africa and lay down to rest in the mountains of Lapland. The wind knows all languages, as all languages are spoken in the wind.

At these terrible words it seemed to Lindengold, as if all the flowers of the heath suddenly changed into tall trees above her head. But it was she herself who sank into the earth. In another moment no human eye could know her from the thousand and thousand other pale heath blossoms that lived and died on the wastes of Lapland.

“In two weeks from to-day,” muttered the Wizard and returned to the tent.

While all this happened, Prince Abderraman was travelling over the world with his sword at his side and a staff in his left hand. There was no mountain in Asia which he did not ascend, no desert in Africa which he did not cross, no city or town in Europe which he did not visit. In vain he searched. With sorrowful steps he was making his way toward Persia, when one day

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his faithful dog Valledivan pursued a wild duck and brought it alive to his master. When the Prince was just about to kill it, the duck quacked:

“Grant me my life, and I will tell you something.”

“Strange bird,” said he, “I will give you your life. What do you have to tell me?”

“Go to Lapland,” quacked the duck as it flew away.

Lapland! Never had the Prince heard of such a country. He inquired about Lapland, and was told to go north, always toward the north, and never to stop until all roads came to an end, the woods came to an end, and where he no longer found houses with fire-places in them.

“Strange!” thought the Prince, but he followed the directions and rode northward, always northward, and did not stop till all roads came to an end, and the woods came to an end, and he found no other houses than movable tents. This was the last day of August. The sun still shone, the wastes were still green, but the sky had a

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greenish tint and the wind blew cool from the north. Should the wind go down, the frost would come!

The Prince had travelled several days without seeing a trace of human life, when he suddenly noticed a tent of reindeer-skins near the foot of a mountain. He rode toward it to inquire his way.

As he rode along he saw a word written on the side of the mountain which he started to spell out. To his great surprise he spelled out the name *Lindengold*. The Wizard had written this word over the cave where he kept the Princess, in order to be able to find the place when he moved his tent.

The Prince drew his sword and was about to enter the tent, when the Wizard Hirmu rushed out from it on his way to the heath.

“Give me back the Princess Lindengold, or I’ll send you to Death’s kingdom!” exclaimed the Prince.

The Wizard was a shrewd man who had saved himself by his cunning in many a tight place, but now he seemed to have lost his cun-

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ning. He quickly changed himself into a fox and thought that in this shape he could easily escape the sword of the Prince, but he forgot *the dog*.

No sooner did Valledivan see the fox start off than he began the pursuit. The fox leaped nimbly from cliff to cliff, but the dog was swifter, and caught him at last on the top of the mountain, and tore him to pieces. Thus perished the wicked Wizard Hirmu.

The dog returned bloodstained, and the Prince knew that it was all over with the Wizard. But where was Lindengold?

The Prince entered the tent. The Lapp Woman, Pimpedora, was boiling reindeer meat, and her son Pimpepanturi was sleeping on the soft moss in the tent while waiting for his dinner.

"Woman," said the Prince, "your old man is dead! Give me back the Princess Lindengold, and no harm shall come to you."

"Alas! and is he dead?" said the woman without showing any signs of real sorrow. "Well, what else could one expect from his wicked

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tricks? But the Princess Lindengold you must seek among the heath-flowers. My old man turned her into a heath-flower just like the thousand others that you see. To-night the frost will come and that will be the end of her."

"My dearest Lindengold, must you die to-night, and I be unable to find even the stem on which you have withered?" exclaimed the Prince, and in despair threw himself upon the heath where thousands of pale flowers were awaiting their doom that night.

"Wait a moment," said the woman. "I remember now the words he used in changing her into a flower. I felt sorry for the child, and so I crept up behind a rock to see what would become of her. Then I heard him say: *Adóma donäi Mar-rabataësan.*"

"But what good are those words when we do not know the charm that will restore her?" groaned the Prince.

Pimpepanturi felt that he had waited altogether too long and came out of the tent to seek his mother. When he heard the Prince's wail, he said:

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"Father always reversed the words when he wanted to break a spell."

"Yes, that is so," said the Lapp Woman.

The Prince grasped at this straw, climbed upon a rock, and cried as loud as he could over the boundless heath:

"Marrabataësan donai Adóma!"

The sound died away without effect, the sun sank lower, and the wind was almost gone.

The Prince was frightened, but he kept on repeating the words over and over again in different order. But all in vain. Only once did it seem to him as if the heath-flowers in the distance bent to listen to him. But they fell back again into the dead silence of the endless waste.

"The sun is setting," cried the Lapp Woman. "Unless you find the right words soon, the frost will come, and then all will be over!"

And the red disk of the sun rolled to the horizon. All Nature was still. A cold evening mist foreboding the frost sank down like a veil over the plains and hills. The plants which had dared for a short time to blossom in Lapland, were now about to die.

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The Prince was white with fear. His voice began to fail him. It was with great difficulty that he uttered the magic words in a new order:

Marraba donäi Adóma taësan."

And, behold! on a hill not far away a little flower raised its head. It grew as rapidly as when the Fairies of Ginnistan touch the mountains with their wands and make sweet lilies arise in the morning light. The mist lay about the hill. Out of the mist a slender form arose. And when the Prince in breathless haste reached the hill, Lindengold herself came forward to meet him. She was as pale as are those who have already felt the first chill of death.

Prince Abderraman carried the pale Princess to the tent. Her strength gradually came back under the kindly care of the Lapp Woman. Pimpedora was happy. Pimpepanturi forgot in his glee his long-looked for dinner, which was scorched in the kettle. Abderraman did something which heroes seldom do—he fainted for joy. When he came to himself, he asked Lindengold how it felt to be changed into a flower.

"As when you sink back into your child-

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hood's cradle, and know nothing of the world, but to drink and sleep and be happy in God's love," replied Lindengold.

"And how did it seem to be restored to life?"

"As when you awake on a clear morning after a sweet sleep."

"To-morrow we return to Persia," said Prince Abderraman.

"Yes," answered Lindengold. "But this good woman and her son have been kind to me in my distress. We will take them with us, and they shall live in a Palace at Ispahan."

"No! No! thank you!" exclaimed Pimpedora. "I like my reindeer-tent in Lapland better."

"Do you have snow and reindeer in Persia?" asked Pimpepanturi.

"Snow we have only on the highest mountains, and in place of reindeer we have antelopes, deer, and gazelles," replied the Princess.

"Then I will stay here," said Pimpepanturi, "and you may go to Persia and marry whom you please. There is no land to me like Lapland."

There was no use in discussing this matter. The Prince and Princess set out the following

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day for Persia, after having given their rich apparel—gold, silver, and jewels—to the Lapp Woman and her son. From them they secured Lapland costumes instead.

The Lapp Woman put away in a birch-bark box all the treasures she had received. She rejoiced to know that for it she could buy a whole tent full of flour.

V

FROM LAPLAND TO THE GOLDEN PALACE

NADIR SHAH sat alone and weeping in his Golden Palace in Ispahan. He could not forget his lost daughter, Lindengold. His ungrateful sons had raised a rebellion against him and were marching with a large army to drive their father from his throne.

Just then the Grand Visier announced that two savages, a man and a girl, dressed in skins and accompanied by a dog, were standing at the gate, desiring to throw themselves at the King's feet. The King never refused admission to stran-

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gers. Perhaps they might know something of his lost daughter, his dear Lindengold.

The two savages were brought into his presence. The man prostrated himself at the King's feet, but the girl threw her arms about the King's neck, giving the Grand Visier such a shock that his beard turned green. But the King recognized even in this odd disguise, his loved and lost daughter.

"Allah!" he cried, "now I am ready to die!"

"No, my Lord King," said the Prince, "now you must live to rejoice with us and to win back your Kingdom."

When the King heard how his daughter had been carried away and how she had been rescued by the faithful Prince, he at once declared Prince Abderraman his heir to the throne and promised him the Princess Lindengold in marriage. Then he sent Prince Abderraman at the head of his fifty thousand knights, mounted on horses with golden bridles and silver saddles, against the rebel army. It was not long before the brave Prince with his valiant left hand gained a complete victory, took captive the rebellious

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sons, and returned in triumph to the jubilant Ispahan.

Then was celebrated the wedding of Abderaman and Lindengold with great rejoicing—but without any animal contests or fights. Long and happy did they live.

Nadir Shah reigned to a good old age, and often enjoyed his little grandchildren's prattle. His wicked sons ended their lives as swineherds for the wicked Giant Bom Bali. The dog Valledivan lived to the remarkable age of thirty years, and finally died of the toothache. His skin was stuffed, and thus his memory was preserved.

As to Pimpedora, and Pimpepanturi who had once been honored with the proud name of Morus Pandorus von Pikkulukulikuckulu, no news of them has ever reached Persia. They have never found, most probably, a better country than Lapland.





UNDA MARINA'S SILVER CUP

I

HEART'S DESIRE

THERE was once a little girl, whose name was Lizatot. Her father and mother were dead, and she dwelt with her blind grandfather in an old hut on an island in the sea. On what they lived during the long winters, God only knows! It is true, the grandfather took in knitting, and Lizatot made pretty whisk-brooms, which she sold in the city. But they earned so little! Still they never suffered hunger, for they trusted in God, who is the Father of all.

They had a little boat and four nets. With

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these they went a-fishing in the summer time, when the weather was fine. But when the strawberries began to ripen on the hill-sides, the old grandfather stayed alone in the boat and held the fishing-rod, while Lizatot went to pick berries in the woods.

One day when the sun shone hot, they rowed to the farther end of the island, where the bay opens into the big sea. The grandfather began to feel thirsty, and said:

"Take our stone crock, Lizatot, and go into the woods. Find a spring and fetch me some fresh water. I am thirsty and cannot drink the salt sea-water."

"I will," said Lizatot, who was always willing and obedient. She took the stone crock and jumped quickly ashore.

It was a wild and lonely place, covered with large mossy rocks and tall dark trees. Lizatot ran over hills and valleys till her face was red with heat, but no water did she find, for it was a very hot summer and all the springs were dry. At last she grew tired and began to go slowly. And as she walked beneath the tall dark pines strange

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thoughts came into her mind, such as she had never thought before. She fancied that the tall pines looked down upon her in a mysterious way. She began to feel so very, very lonesome!

Then there was a queer rustling in the branches above her head, and she heard a small piping voice saying:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

Lizatot looked up, but saw nothing except a grouse sitting on the swaying branch of an old birch. She was frightened and began to run. She stumbled on a stump and fell. Crash went the stone crock in twenty pieces! What was Lizatot to do now? Her poor grandfather was waiting patiently in the boat for a little water to slake his burning thirst. In what was Lizatot now to fetch the water? She sat down on the old stump and began to cry. Again she heard a voice among the trees saying:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

Lizatot looked wonderingly about, but saw only a squirrel, peeping through the thick

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branches of a stately spruce. It vexed her. What business of the squirrel's was it, if she walked alone in the woods? So she turned and went another way. But she had not gone far before she heard for the third time the same question:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

This time she saw a strange and beautiful bird with gold upon its wings. It flew away into the sky and was lost in the distant blue.

"What is all this foolish prattle about?" cried Lizatot. "Grandfather is sitting in our boat, waiting for some water! I have broken the stone crock!"

"But where is your Heart's Desire?" asked the gold-winged bird in the blue.

"How stupid you are!" exclaimed Lizatot. "Don't you know that I love my Grandfather more than anyone else on earth? Yet you ask where is my Heart's Desire."

"How foolish those questions are!" thought Lizatot, and she hurried back toward the shore to find her dear old grandfather.

But was she let alone? No, indeed. The trees,

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the bushes, the rocks, in short everything about her seemed to be alive. Even the old stumps seemed to have a voice. The bushes whispered under her feet, and the moss-covered rocks sighed beneath her. And all repeated the same question:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

Lizatot was frightened and began to run as fast as she could. She reached her blind grandfather, and, cried out in a tone of despair:

"Alas! I have broken our stone crock and have brought no water for you, Grandfather!"

"Well, that's the way it goes when you send children for something," muttered the old man. "But where have you been all this while, Child?"

And Lizatot told what she had heard in the woods.

"Don't mind it," said her grandfather. "It is nothing but the rustling of the leaves when they touch one another. It means that we shall have rain to-morrow. *Heart's Desire!* What nonsense is that?"

"Yes, but I have at least one," said Lizatot.

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"You have your pussy," said her grandfather.

"Then I have two, for you are the other, Grandfather," replied Lizatot.

"Well! may be so! But now take our little empty butter-bucket, and go to the woods once more for water. I am terribly thirsty!"

Lizatot took the little bucket and went back to the woods. But a stillness like death was everywhere. Lizatot felt sad and wished that she might hear a sound, if it were only the twitter of the smallest bird. But every bird was mute. At last she came to a wild rose-bush, whose buds had just opened.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Lizatot, and picked one of the roses to take to her grandfather.

But there were some queer marks on the leaves, and when she looked more closely, she found that they were letters. She began to spell them out, and to her disgust read the same queer question:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

"So you, too, come with the same foolish story!" exclaimed Lizatot, and threw the rose

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away. "I can't imagine what is the matter with the wood," she added. "Hasn't it something better to think about?"

She kept on searching and went farther and farther, but found no water. Instead she found what she did not look for! All the rocks and trees and bushes were written over with the same tantalizing question:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

"Now, this goes too far!" cried Lizatot. "I'll have to close my eyes," she added, and she closed them as tightly as she could. Of course she had to keep them open a little to see where she went. Finally she reached the shore on the other side, without having found a drop of water to take to her grandfather. She was ready to return to the boat a second time, when she spied a large rock near the shore. In it was a deep hollow filled with rain-water, for the rock was shaded, and the sun had not dried up the little pool.

Lizatot rejoiced to find the pool, and climbed the steep rock which leaned out over the bay. But when she reached out her hand to dip the

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water, the bucket slipped from her grasp and rolled into the sea. A gust of wind swept it out into the deep, and it was gone.

"Alas!" cried Lizatot, "In what shall I now carry water to my dear blind Grandfather?" And she began to cry most bitterly, and the large round tears rolled down into the sea below.

After awhile she thought: "What's the use of sitting here crying when my poor Grandfather is dying with thirst? I will climb down and make a cup of some fresh birchbark to take the water in."

No sooner said than done. She peeled off a large piece of birchbark, folded the ends and had a nice cup to take the water in. But when she began to climb the rock a second time, she saw something glitter in the waves close to the shore. She was curious to see what it was. She stepped down into the water, and drew forth the glittering object. It was a beautiful Silver Cup.

II

THE SILVER CUP

THE Sea King sat in his green Ocean Palace, and all his Court stood silent about him. There

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was a cloud upon his brow, for his youngest daughter, Unda Marina, was missing. He had sent her to pick corals on the shores of Australia, and she had not come back.

She had in her usual way stopped to play upon some distant shore, and she was making foot-prints in the soft white sand. The young son of the Forest King, who was her lover, was tossing to her roses and narcissus flowers, and she was amusing herself at playing catch.

Thus time passed by. Unda Marina had just playfully tossed to the Prince the shell in which she was to pick corals, and he had kept it. Then Unda Marina remembered her father's orders, and dived down beneath the waves to the Palace to fetch another shell.

Meanwhile one of the Sea Trolls had tattled to the King, and said, "Unda Marina has loitered on the way with her lover, Prince Florio, son of the Forest King, and has given him a shell."

The King grew very angry as there happened to be a war between him and the Forest King. He, however, did not show his anger, but said to the Sea Troll:

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"Bring me my Silver Cup."

The Troll brought the cup, which was of such a wonderful make, that any one who drank from it would instantly forget the dearest thing he had on earth.

Unda Marina glided like a silver wave into the green Ocean Palace, and courtesied to her father.

"Where have you been so long?" he asked.

"I have been making footprints in the sand on the seashore, and playing catch with roses and flowers. But the Forest Prince took my shell, and I have come home for another," replied Unda Marina.

"Wayward Child!" said the Sea King reprovingly. "It may pass this time, but don't let it happen again. Here is my Silver Cup. Take it in place of the shell, and fetch me some cold, sweet water from the north. I am tired of drinking this salt sea-water all the time."

But secretly he thought, "My Daughter will drink out of the cup and forget the young Prince forever."

Unda Marina floated away once more upon

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the silvery waves of the sea, until she found a spring of clear, cool water on an island in the north. She quickly filled the cup at the spring and brought it to her lips, for she too was thirsty. But she had no sooner swallowed the water than she forgot the dearest thing she had on earth, and that was the young Prince. But he had so completely filled her mind and heart, that when she forgot him she forgot everything else in the world. So she floated away as thoughtlessly as any other of the millions of thoughtless waves, that roll over one another in the boundless sea.

But Unda Marina's Silver Cup remained lying on the shore of the island, near the spring where she had tasted the water. And that was where it was found by Lizatot when she was searching for water for her thirsty grandfather. She looked at it wonderingly, and turned it over in her hands. All she knew about it was that it was very beautiful.

"Won't it be nice to carry water in, for my Grandfather!" she thought.

She filled the cup with water from the rock. How sweet and sparkling the water looked! She

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could not resist the temptation to taste it, and she drank.

In an instant a strange feeling came over her. Everything seemed so cool and quiet within her and without. All the queer thoughts that had filled her mind a few minutes before, vanished like morning mists. There sat Lizatot as in a dream. She thought no more of the strange whisperings in the woods. But worst of all, she had completely forgotten her old blind grandfather, for he was after all the dearest thing she had on earth.

How long she sat there nobody knows, but it must have been for many days. The birds sang as before, and the trees continued their whisperings of wisdom and folly. But Lizatot did not hear them. What does one care for wisdom or folly, when one has nothing to love in this world?

Many folk came that way and drank out of Unda Marina's Silver Cup, for Lizatot thought that she must do something kind. What else was she there for? Once an old fisherwoman came that way. She had wept twenty years for her hus-

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band, who had been drowned at sea. She drank from Unda Marina's Silver Cup, and wept no more. A vain young girl who was always combing her fine hair, came by. She, too, drank from the cup, dropped her comb, and forgot her fine hair. A young man sat angling by the shore. In all the world he loved no one but himself. He drank and remembered that he had a poor mother and sister, who were suffering from cold, hunger, and thirst. Alas! how many need to drink from Unda Marina's cup.

But the poor grandfather, blind and forgotten, was he still sitting in the old boat, waiting for the water which never came?

One day a young sailor stepped ashore to cut some timber for a pair of oars. He saw Lizatot sitting alone upon the cliff, and said: "Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

Lizatot looked up. She knew the young sailor very well, for they had played together when they were little children. She looked at him, he looked at her, and immediately the silence about her was broken. The song of the birds, the

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chirping of crickets, and the buzzing of insects made the air and the woods musical about her. The trees and bushes, the leaves and flowers, the stumps and rocks, were all written over with the same words that had so vexed and puzzled her, when she first went to look for water for her grandfather:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

"My poor Grandfather! He is waiting for the water!" she exclaimed, and quickly filled the Silver Cup. Then she ran over stones and stumps, until she spilled nearly half of the water.

"Now, look at that!" muttered the sailor, and began to chop with his axe.

But Lizatot found her old grandfather, for he was still sitting in the boat.

"Where have you been so long?" he asked in a reproving voice.

Then Lizatot told the whole story, how she had lost the butter-bucket and found the Silver Cup. But she said nothing about the sailor for she had completely forgotten that there was such a thing in the world as a sailor. And the minute

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she had forgotten the sailor, she had remembered her grandfather.

"Now you must drink, Grandfather!" she cried, and held the cup to his lips.

Her grandfather drank and at once forgot the thing he missed the most in the world, and that was his eyesight. It now seemed to him perfectly natural to be in the dark. He remembered no more the light of the sun, the moon and the stars, or the blue sky and the green woods.

Meanwhile the unhappy Sea King sat in his green Ocean Palace, waiting in vain for Unda Marina's return. At last he sent the old Sea Troll to seek her. But the Sea Troll soon came back saying, that Unda Marina had forgotten everything she ever knew, and was now floating like a thoughtless wave upon the bosom of the sea.

At that the King was enraged and changed the Sea Troll into a cliff in the Gulf of Finland, where many ships have since been wrecked. But this did not restore to him Unda Marina, his daughter. She still remained without her memory, and the old King's beard turned silver-gray from grief.

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But Lizatot rowed home with her grandfather, and everything was as before. Her grandfather knitted and she made brooms and put out the nets.

And thus they still live on in their little hut. But Unda Marina's cup has been sold to a silver-smith. What has further happened to it nobody knows. Perhaps it has been made into a coffee-pot, and people wonder while sipping their coffee why they forget so many of their sorrows.

Sometimes the young sailor rows past the little island, and looks sorrowfully up at the window of the tiny hut. But Lizatot does not know him. She makes her brooms and listens to the trees whispering the same old question:

"Why are you so lonely, Lizatot, and where is your Heart's Desire?"

"Ah well! if I only knew!" replies Lizatot, and would like to laugh at it all, but somehow she can not do that. There is something strangely sad beneath it all, that Lizatot does not fully understand.



THE GIFT OF THE SEA KING

I

SALMON SAM AND SALMON SALLY

THERE was once an old fisherman called Salmon Sam. He lived near the sea-shore. He had a wife known everywhere as Salmon Sally. In winter they lived in a tiny hut on the mainland, but in the spring they moved to a little red, rocky island in the ocean, and lived there all summer till late in the autumn. Here they had a still smaller hut with a wooden latch instead of a lock, and with a rude stone fireplace. On top of the hut was a short flag-pole, and on top of this a squeaking weather-vane.

III

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The little island was named Ahtola, and was no larger than the market-place in the city. In the cracks of the rocks there grew a little mountain-ash and two alder bushes. Besides, there grew also a few tufts of silken grass, a few reeds, two bushes of tanzy, and one of white and four of red flowers. But the most precious thing that grew on the island was three bunches of chives, planted by Salmon Sally herself on the south side of a cliff. It was not much, but it served her for the spices she needed.

All good things go by threes, and so Salmon Sam and his good wife fished for salmon in the spring, herring in the summer, and whitefish in the fall. On Saturdays, when the weather was fine and the wind favorable, they sailed to the city, sold their fish, and went to Church on Sunday.

But it often happened that they were left several weeks all alone upon their islet, and saw nothing but their yellow dog, Prince, their tufts of grass, their brush and their flowers, the seagulls and fishes, the angry skies, and the foaming waves. For the rock-bound islet lay far out in the

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sea, and there were no green shores, nor any human habitation for seven miles around. Only here and there were small cliffs of the same red stone as their own little island, washed day and night by the foam of the ever-restless waves.

Salmon Sam and Salmon Sally were good, thrifty folk who lived contented with their yellow dog, in their little hut. They felt themselves rich when they had cured enough fish to do them over the winter. And they sold the extra fish and bought tobacco for the old man's pipe, and some pounds of coffee for his good wife, and twice that quantity of browned barley with a little chicory to improve the taste. They had besides, butter and bread and clabber—and what more did they need?

All would have been well if Salmon Sally had not had a secret desire, which gave her no peace night or day. She was wondering from year to year, how she might some day become rich enough to buy herself a cow.

"And what would you do with the cow?" asked Salmon Sam. "She could not swim this far. Our boat would not carry her. How could

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we ever get her out to our island? And if we could manage to get her out here, what could we feed her with?"

"There are four alder bushes here, and sixteen tufts of grass," replied Salmon Sally.

"Yes, of course!" laughed Salmon Sam. "There are also three bunches of chives. You might feed her on chives."

"All cows like salted herring," mused his wife. "Even Prince likes fish."

"I should say!" replied the old man. "No, I thank you! It would be too expensive a cow that had to be fed on fish. As for Prince, it is all right. He fights with the sea-gulls for what remains when we clean the herring. Drive that cow out of your mind, good Wife, we can get along without her."

Salmon Sally sighed. She knew well enough that the old man was right, but she could not give up the thought of a cow. Old clabber did not serve the purpose of cream for her coffee, and she thought of sweet cream and new clabbber as the greatest delicacies on earth.

One day when Salmon Sam and Salmon Sally

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were dressing herring by the sea-shore, Prince began to bark, and soon a beautifully painted launch, with three young men with white caps, neared the shore. The young men were students, who were out on a pleasure trip, and were looking for something to eat.

"Bring us some bonny-clabber, good Mother," they cried.

"Yes, if I only had it!" sighed Salmon Sally.

"Well, bring us a can of sweet milk, then, but it must not be skimmed," said the young men.

"If I only had it!" sighed Sally once more.

"What? Haven't you a cow?"

But Salmon Sally made no reply. The question had touched a very sore spot in her heart.

"Cow, we have not," replied Salmon Sam. "But if you will have bloat-herring, you can have it warm and nice in a short time."

"All right!" cried the students.

And without any further ado they spread themselves out upon the pebbly shore and lighted their cigars and pipes. In the meantime some fifty clean, white herrings were hung upon a spit over the fire.

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"What do you call this rock in the sea?" asked one of the students.

"Ahtola," replied Salmon Sally.

"You can have anything you want, then! You live at the very portals of the dread Ocean King," said one of them.

Salmon Sam did not understand this. But the young men explained it to him.

"Ahti," said they, "is a mighty King, who lives in his Palace, Ahtola, on a cliff in the deep sea, and has an abundance of all kinds of treasures. He rules over all fishes and other sea animals. He has the finest cows and the swiftest horses. They feed in green pastures at the bottom of the sea. He who enjoys Ahti's favor grows rich, but must always be careful not to offend him, for Ahti is fickle-minded and sensitive. The throwing of a mere pebble into the sea sometimes offends him, then he takes back all his rich gifts, lashes the ocean into fury, and even draws the sailor down into the deep. Ahti has also a band of lovely Maidens, who carry the train of his Queen, Wellamo, and comb her long, silken

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hair, and who hide among the reeds and listen when you play for them."

"Oh! You mean Nixies!" said Salmon Sam, "Have you seen all that?"

"It is just as true as if we had," said the students, "for we have seen it in print, and everything printed is true, you know."

"Bosh!" said Salmon Sam and shook his head.

But by this time the bloat-herring was ready. The students ate with ravenous appetite. After their meal, they gave Salmon Sam a new silver dollar and allowed him to fill his pipe with their fine tobacco. Poor Salmon Sam stuffed his pipe till it cracked. The three students thanked Salmon Sam and Salmon Sally, and sailed away until the last speck of their white sail had disappeared in the distant haze.

II

GOLDEN BEARDED AHTI

SALMON SALLY had not said a word all this time, but she had thought so much the more. She had good ears, and had heard every word about Ahti.

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"What a fortune it would be to get one of Ahti's fine cows!" she thought. "What a privilege to milk such a fine cow morning and evening, and have no care about her pasture! To have a shelf above the window filled with milk pans! But so fortunate, I am afraid I'll never be in this world!"

She tried to remember an old witch spell she had learned in her youth, a spell that gave one good fishing. "If I should try it!" she thought.

Now this was a Saturday, and on Saturday night Salmon Sam never put out his nets, for he knew it was wrong to break the Sabbath. But toward evening his wife said:

"We ought to put out our nets this evening."

"Oh, no!" said Salmon Sam. "No blessing ever comes with Sunday work."

"But last night was so stormy, and we got so little," said Salmon Sally. "To-night, the sea is still as glass. And with the wind we have just had, the herring will come toward the shore."

"But there is a cloud in the northwest," said Salmon Sam, "and there will be foul weather tomorrow morning."

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“Just listen!” said Salmon Sally. “We will put out one net over there to leeward, and we will get enough to fill the open keg. It isn’t good for it to stand open that way.”

Salmon Sam yielded. They rowed out in their boat and laid down their nets. When they had reached deep water, Salmon Sally began to hum the old witch spell, changing the words a bit:

*“Golden-bearded Ahti, gracious,
In thy Palaces so spacious,
Thou hast Treasures free as wishes.
Thine are all the ocean’s fishes;
And thy floors are all encumbered
With the rarest pearls unnumbered;
And thy cows, of finest breeding,
In thy rich green fields are feeding.”*

“What is that you are humming?” asked Salmon Sam.

“It is an old song that came to my mind,” said his wife, and she raised her voice and continued:

*“King of Wealth beyond all measure,
Not thy pearls nor golden treasure,*

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*Nor thy silver, though I love it,
Yet it is not that I covet.
But thy gracious ear now lend me,
And a nice, fat cow pray send me;
And in turn, pray do believe me,
Both the sun and moon I'll give thee."*

"That is a stupid old song," said Salmon Sam. "What but fish should you ask of the Ocean King? Anyhow, it isn't quite the thing to sing such a song on Saturday night."

Salmon Sally pretended not to hear him, but sang, and sang, in the same strain as long as they were out on deep water.

Salmon Sam did not heed her singing, as he sat and rowed the heavy boat, for he was thinking of his old cracked pipe and the fine tobacco. Their work done, they returned to the rocky islet, and soon after retired for the night.

Salmon Sam and Salmon Sally lay in their bed, but neither could go to sleep. He was worrying because he had put out his nets on Saturday night, and she was thinking of Ahti's fat cows.

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After the hour of midnight, Salmon Sam sat up in bed, and asked:

"Do you hear anything?"

"No," said his wife.

"I think that I hear the squeaking of the weather-vane. I'm sure we'll have a storm," said he.

"Oh, you only imagine it," said she.

Salmon Sam lay down, but by and by he sat up again.

"Hear how it squeaks and whines!" he cried.

"Lie down and sleep," said his wife. "You are only imagining."

And he tried to go to sleep. But the third time he sat up and sprang out of bed.

"Now the weather-vane is fairly roaring," said he. "The storm is up. We must out and save our nets."

III

AHTI'S FAT COWS

BOTH got up. The sky was dark and threatening. The weather-vane squeaked, and the wind moaned in every corner. When they went out-

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side, the great deep was lashed into fury and lay all foaming white before them like an immense field of snow.

The foam dashed high over the roof of their little hut. Such a night Salmon Sam had never seen before. To put out the boat and try to save the nets was not to be thought of. The old man and his wife stood stupefied, holding fast to the door-post, while the raging foam dashed in their faces.

"Didn't I say that fishing on Saturday night brings no good?" said Salmon Sam.

And his wife was so overcome by fright and dismay, that she was unable to reply or even to think of Ahti's fat cows.

As there was nothing to be done, they returned to the hut. Sad and tired, they at last fell asleep, and slept as quietly as if the raging waves had never beat upon their cliffy shore.

When they awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. The storm had ceased. Only the mighty waves rolled like silvery hills in the sunshine, and broke into sparkling foam against the red cliffs of the little island.

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"But what is that?" cried Salmon Sally as she opened the door and looked out.

"It looks like a great sea-dog," said her husband.

"As sure as I live, it is a cow!" exclaimed Salmon Sally.

And a cow it was, a fine red cow of the best breed, fat and round as if it had always fed on clover. She was walking about contentedly upon the shore, and not touching the poor little tufts of grass, as if she disdained even to look at such miserable fare.

Salmon Sam could hardly believe his eyes. But a real cow it seemed to be. And his doubts were put to rest, when Salmon Sally sat down to milk her and filled all the cans and pans with rich, sweet milk. Salmon Sam taxed his poor head in vain to make out how the cow had come there, and then went to seek his lost nets. He found them cast up by the waves upon the shore, and filled to bursting with fine herring.

"It is all well enough," said Salmon Sam, "to have a cow. But what shall we feed her with?"

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"There will be some way," said his wife.

The cow herself found a way. She walked out into the water and ate seaweed which grew in large quantities near the shore. In this way she always kept fat and in good shape.

From that day on there was plenty of milk and clabber in the old hut. The nets were always well filled with fish. The old man and his wife grew fat from rich living. Day by day, they added to their wealth. Salmon Sally made quantities of butter every week, and Salmon Sam hired two men to help him. The sea became a large fish-pond to him, from which he drew forth as much as he pleased.

The cow needed no tending. In the autumn when Salmon Sam and Salmon Sally returned to the mainland, the cow went into the sea. In the spring, she came back to the island.

"We need a better house," said Salmon Sally when they returned the second spring. "The old one is altogether too small for us and the two hired men."

"Yes," said Salmon Sam, and he built a fine house with a real lock on the door.

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Salmon Sam hired two more men, and carried on his work on a still grander scale, and shipped barrels and barrels of fish to Russia and Sweden.

"I am wearing myself out with all this work," said Salmon Sally. "I ought to have a hired girl."

"Get one," said her husband, and a hired girl was soon procured.

But now Salmon Sally began to complain that there was not enough milk for all her big family. As she had a hired girl, she could just as well milk three cows.

"Well, sing another song to the old Ocean King," said Salmon Sam somewhat scornfully.

This piqued Salmon Sally not a little. She rowed out one Saturday night, and sang as before:

*"Golden-bearded Ahti, gracious,
In thy pastures, green and spacious,
Countless cows are feeding yearly.
Give me three, I pray sincerely."*

The next morning there stood three fine cows instead of one. All ate sea-weed and needed no tending.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA KING

"And are you satisfied now?" asked Salmon Sam.

"I would be satisfied if I had another girl, and also had some finer clothes. Do you know, people are calling me *Madam*?"

"Very well," said Salmon Sam, and his wife hired another girl and bought fine dresses.

"Now, it would be nice," said she, "if only we had a nicer little house here where we spend our summers. You ought to build a two-story house, and bring some earth to these naked rocks and plant an orchard. Then we ought to build a little summer-house where I can look out over the wide sea. Then we ought to have a musician to play the violin in the evenings. Then, too, we ought to have a little steam-launch in which to go to the city on Sundays, to Church.

"Is that all?" asked Salmon Sam.

And then he set to work to carry out all his wife's wishes. And the rocky islet blossomed like a garden, and old Salmon Sally, now called *Madam*, became so fine and haughty that all the little fishes were filled with wonder and fear of

THE GIFT OF THE SEA KING

her. And even old Prince, the dog, fed on cream-puffs, till he was as fat and round as a keg of salted herrings.

"Well, are you satisfied now?" asked Salmon Sam.

"Yes, if I only had thirty cows. We need that many for this large household."

"Go to the Ocean King," said Salmon Sam.

Salmon Sally went out to sea in her new steam-launch and sang for the Ocean King. The next morning, sure enough, there stood thirty cows.

"Do you know, Salmon Sam," said his wife one day, "this island is altogether too small for us! Where shall I find room for all my cows?"

"I don't know," said he, "unless you pump out the ocean."

"How you talk! Who can pump out the sea?" replied his wife.

"Try it with your new steam-launch. There is a pump in it," said the old man.

She knew well enough that Salmon Sam was jesting, but she couldn't help thinking about it.

"Of course I can't pump out the ocean," she

THE GIFT OF THE SEA KING

thought, "but perhaps I might fill it up, if I try hard. I can pour rocks and sand into the sea and make our island twice as big as it is."

No sooner said than done. Salmon Sally began to load up her boat with rocks and then sailed out to unload her cargo in the sea. She took her musician along to play for the Sea King.

Ahti and his Queen, Wellamo, and all the lovely Sea Maidens rose to the surface to hear the sweet melody.

"What is it that glitters so on the crest of the waves?" asked Salmon Sally.

"It is the foam sparkling in the sun," said the musician.

"Unload the boat here," said Salmon Sally.

The servants began to throw out the stones. Splash here and splash there, to the right and to the left. One stone knocked off the nose of Wellamo's favorite maid-in-waiting; another grazed the cheek of the Queen herself; a third passed so near Ahti as to pull out one half of his long, yellow beard. There was a terrible bubbling and noise in the water, like the boiling of a mighty kettle.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA KING

"Where did that gust of wind come from?" asked Salmon Sally.

But before she had finished speaking, the ocean opened its immense mouth, as it were, and swallowed the boat and all. Salmon Sally sank like a rock to the bottom. But she struggled with hands and feet, and finally reached the surface once more. She found the musician's violin and with the help of it as a float, she tried to reach the shore. But just then, she saw beside her the terrible form of the Ocean King one half of his beard gone.

"Why did you pelt me with rocks?" he roared.

"Most gracious King!" pleaded Salmon Sally. "It was a mistake. Rub some bear's grease on, and your beard will soon grow out."

"Woman!" roared Ahti again, "Have I not given you all you have asked for, and even more?"

"Yea, truly, most gracious King, and many thanks for the cows. They yield milk like camels."

"Well, now, where is the sun and the moon you promised me?" roared Ahti.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA KING

"Most gracious King, haven't they rested upon the bosom of the sea every day and night, when it hasn't been cloudy?"

"I will teach you a lesson!" roared Ahti, and gave the violin, to which Salmon Sally clung, a thud which sent it like a rocket to the shore.

There stood poor old Prince as lean and hungry as ever, gnawing at an old bone. Salmon Sam was sitting in his old threadbare jacket, all alone, on the step of the old hut, mending his torn net.

"How now, Mother!" cried he, "Where do you come from, flying in that fashion? Why are you so wet?"

Salmon Sally looked wonderingly about her, and asked, "Where is our two-story house?"

"What house?" asked the old man.

"Our large house, and the orchard, and the hired hands, and the girls, and the thirty cows, and the steam-launch, and all the rest?"

"You are talking wild now, Mother," said Salmon Sam. "Those students turned your head, and you sang stupid old songs last night on the sea, and couldn't go to sleep till toward morning. We had an awful night, but the storm is

THE GIFT OF THE SEA KING

over. I did not wish to wake you and so I rowed out alone to get the nets."

"But I have seen the Ocean King," said Salmon Sally.

"You have been lying in your bed dreaming all sorts of foolishness, that is all," said Salmon Sam.

"But isn't that the violin over there?" said she.

"A fine violin!" said Salmon Sam. "It is an old log. No, good Mother, another time we will take care and not break the Sabbath. No good ever comes from Sunday work!"





“AHA!” SAID PEKKA

*Who walks along this lonely path
With steps so firm and light?
'Tis Pekka with the fearless heart,
Whom dangers cannot fright.
A story of his deeds so bold
I'll tell as I have heard it told.*

“Aha!” said Pekka.

HE was a poor boy without father or mother. He had been brought up by poor relatives, who had worked hard to buy him food and clothing. But when the terrible year of famine came, they were unable to feed him any longer, and so said to him:

“‘A H A !’” SAID PEKKA

*“We haven’t left a single loaf,
And all our means have fled.
Now you must out into the world
And try to earn your bread.
But if you cannot work for pay,
Then you must try to beg your way.”*

“Aha!” said Pekka.

So he set out with his beggar’s wallet on his back. He came to the woods and at once filled his bag with moss, and then went on his way.

He had not gone far before he met a hungry wolf who opened his immense jaws, and said:

*“You are a very welcome steak,
For such as you I claim.
I scour the land from sea to sea,
And Famine is my name.
And hope of rescue there is not,
I’ll eat you on this very spot.”*

“Aha!” said Pekka.

But when the wolf opened his big mouth to swallow his victim, Pekka threw the moss into

“A H A !” SAID PEKKA

his great jaws and ran away. He then filled his wallet with water and walked on.

But soon a growling bear with red, fiery eyes met him, and said:

*“Who gave you leave to walk about
With strength in head and hand?
My name is Pestilence, and I
Spread death throughout the land.
And old and young I fell alike.
Prepare you now, for I will strike.”*

“Aha!” said Pekka.

Then the bear raised his powerful paw to strike the death blow, but Pekka surprised him by pouring a flood of cold water over him from his wallet. Then away Pekka ran as before. He next filled his wallet with birch switches, and before long he came up to a starving ox lying in the sunshine near the path. And the ox said:

*“How can you like to walk so fast?
What is the use I pray?
My name is Indolence, and I
In ease would spend my day.”*

“‘A H A !’” SAID PEKKA

*Come here and let me beat you blue.
I cannot bear to go to you.”*

“Aha!” said Pekka.

But Pekka took out his switches and whipped the lazy ox, till he was glad to get up and gallop away as fast as he could.

And now the wallet was filled with stones and rocks, and Pekka went on until he met a cunning fox, who said:

*“You are a fool to live by toil
Or e’en to beg your bread.
My name is Fraud, and I will show
You how to steal instead.
Come follow in my tracks, and see
How easy life will be to thee.”*

“Aha!” said Pekka.

But Pekka seized his wallet and pelted the sly fox with stones and rocks that rained like hail about the fox. And he was glad to get away as fast as his nimble legs could carry him. Then Pekka laughed till he forgot to fill his wallet again.

“A H A !” SAID PEKKA

He had not gone far before a mighty lion met him in the way. And the lion said:

“I am the stern unyielding Fate.

What right have you to live?

Come fall and worship at my feet,

For life and death I give.

And should you but oppose one breath,

Then shall you starve and freeze to death.”

“Aha!” said Pekka.

But Pekka threw aside his wallet and seized the shaggy mane of the lion and began a mighty struggle. The lion roared till all the earth shook, and it would soon have been the last of poor Pekka, had not the lion been struck with admiration at his courage. Instead of crushing him between his mighty paws, the beast picked him up as tenderly as a child, and said:

“He who has courage thus to fight

With heart and iron will,

He shall be given strength at last

To conquer every ill.

I grant you life, and may your hand

Defend and bless your Fatherland.”

“Aha!” said Pekka.



UNDA MARINA'S FOOTPRINTS

DID you ever see the lines in the sand of the sea-shore, near yonder wooded hill? The sand is so white there, and lies in such beautiful lines and curves, rising one above the other to the farthest edge of the sandy beach.

When I have seen the great waves with their white foam rush in fury against the shore, I have wondered how it comes that they do not cover up and destroy the beautiful lines in the sand. But the waves do not want to rub out the lines. They pass over them with their froth and foam, and then sink to rest again in the bosom of the deep.

For the fine lines in the sand are the footprints

UNDA MARINA'S FOOTPRINTS

of the Little Billows. The Little Billows are the curly-headed children of the sea, which play with delight on the sandy beach. Whenever the storm rages the Sea King says to his roaring waves:

“Beat against the rocks! Beat against the rocks! On the soft sand my little children play. No one must touch their curving paths or sweep their footprints from the shore.”

Deep, deep, in the ocean is the King's castle with walls of crystal and ceiling set with the loveliest shells. There live the Blue Waves, the sons and daughters of the King. There lives also his youngest and most beloved Billow Child, the blue-eyed and silver-haired Unda Marina.

When Unda Marina plays in the sands on the shore, she draws the most delicate lines with the tip of her silver shoe. No one dares to disturb her beautiful lines. Thousands and thousands of her little sisters play in the sand and run races with her. All draw their lines in the sand, but no one is so nimble and so charmingly beautiful as Unda Marina.

UNDA MARINA'S FOOTPRINTS

When the fishes come to swim in the warm shallows near the shore, and the white gulls hover above them like stars in the sky, Unda Marina playfully dances around them. She dodges the sailor's boat and hops around the children bathing in the sunshine. But when the sun in the early morn climbs up from the ocean and when at night he sinks to rest in the forest, Unda Marina splashes softly and sings a mournful song of the past, of friends we have had, of friends we have laid to rest beneath the green-sward.

Once on a time, Unda Marina's friend was the youngest son of the mighty Forest King, the dark-haired Prince Florio. His green jacket was always decked with roses and flowers, his pockets were always filled with nuts, and from his hat always waved the plume of an eagle.

Prince Florio came often to the shore where Unda Marina played on the sand, and they soon became good friends. At times they teased each other. Prince Florio threw flowers or pebbles at Unda Marina, and she splashed water on his velvet slippers. Then Florio laughed as the for-

UNDA MARINA'S FOOTPRINTS

est laughs when the winds play among the branches. Unda Marina laughed as do the waves when the winds pull at their fluttering locks. Then Florio would sit on a grassy plot near the edge of the water, and Unda Marina would lean against the sand of the shore, and each by turn would tell the other a story.

Prince Florio's tales were both happy and sad, and cheerful and gloomy. He told of the Forest Trolls that lurk in the pine woods; told of the lion's hunt in the pale, mysterious moonlight; told of the tricks which the west wind plays on the pinks and geraniums.

Unda Marina told of the ages past when the ocean waves still rolled over Finland; told of the giant pots in the mountain cliffs near the ocean; told of the mighty whales that drew her father's beautiful chariot through the coral forests away in the ocean.

Thus for ages the two, Unda Marina and Prince Florio, met at the twilight hour by the sea-shore. And still they were young, for the sons of the forest and the ocean's daughters never grow old but live through the ages, for thou-

sands of years, as long as the earth shall remain. Hence, they are always young.

And these two children, Prince Florio and Unda Marina, thought much of each other, so much that the large white gull said one day to his neighbor the eagle:

"Surely the Prince and Unda Marina will some day be married. Then we may both be invited to a sumptuous wedding."

"Well, that will depend on where it will be, in the woods or the ocean," answered the eagle. "If it is held in the Sea King's Palace away in the ocean, I shall send my regrets. I can not be present."

"I hadn't thought of that," said the gull. "If it should come to the worst, I can dive. I must try to be there, for I'm sure that there'll be much to tempt the appetite of a sea-gull."

Thus the people talked of the Prince and the Princess. But it chanced one night that the Sea King came in his whale-drawn chariot close to the place where the children sat telling their stories. Now the Forest King and the Sea King had quarreled for ages about the boundary lines.

UNDA MARINA'S FOOTPRINTS

Each accused the other of stealing, here and there, a portion of his property. And so the Sea King was angry when he saw Unda Marina and Prince Florio talking together. In his wrath he seized a mighty wave and sent it with a crash to the shore, and spattered the Prince's green velvet vest with mud and with water, and snatched away the eagle's plume from his headgear.

Unda Marina sadly sank in the waves, while Florio, offended, returned to his forest. But when the Forest King heard of the insult offered his favorite son, he was angry. He sent out a host of mighty tornadoes, which gathered up mountains of gravel and sand and threw them into the ocean, filling up acres of sea and turning the sea into dry land.

But when the Sea King heard of this he was angered beyond all endurance. He stirred up the sea till it rolled away miles of the shore and the forest, and buried them deep in the ocean. Thus a long and tedious war broke out on account of Prince Florio and Unda Marina.

And the Sea King and the Forest King still wage such wars with each other, even to-day,

UNDA MARINA'S FOOTPRINTS

whenever the one or the other gets out of humor.
But between these wars there is peace. Then the
Billows Children roll again o'er the quiet beach,
and Unda Marina's footprints are seen once
more in the sands on the sea-shore.





STAR EYE

THERE was once a little child lying all alone in the snow far out upon the mountains. How did it come to be there? It had dropped from a passing sled.

It was the day before Christmas. A Laplander was driving over the dismal mountains with his reindeer. Behind him came his wife with her reindeer, for in Lapland each sled holds but one person. The snow glittered, the Northern Lights streamed brightly, and the stars twinkled in the clear, wintry sky. The happy Laplander thought this a glorious drive, and every now and then looked behind him to see how his wife was getting along. She held in her arms her little child,

wrapped in a thick, warm reindeer skin. But it was hard for her to drive and hold her child too.

When they had reached the mountain-top and were about to descend the other side, they met a pack of wolves. There were a great many wolves as often happens in Lapland during winter. They were ravenously hungry. With a terrific howl, they began to pursue the Laplander and his wife and child.

When the two reindeer saw the wolves and heard the howling, they started down the mountain with such lightning speed that the sleds were thrown from side to side, and rolled over and over again and again. The Laplander and his wife held on tightly to their sleds, but for the time they could neither hear nor see anything.

In this terrible flight the little child was dropped in the snow. The good mother cried in vain to the reindeer to stop. But the reindeer raced on; they knew that the wolves were close upon their heels and that to stop would mean death. On rushed the reindeer until the wolves were left far behind.

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The little child lay there in the snow, wrapped

STAR EYE

in the reindeer-skin, and looking up at the stars. In a moment the wolves were upon it. The poor child could not move hand or foot, for it was tied in its reindeer-skin. It could only look at the hungry wolves. It did not cry, it did not move, it only looked. But the look of a little child's innocent eyes has a wonderful power. The hungry wolves stopped for a moment, gazing into the innocent face of the child, and seemed struck with awe. Then with a fresh howl they started again to pursue the man and his wife.

The child now lay all alone in the snow on the wild and lonely mountain. It looked up at the stars, and the stars looked down on it. A friendship seemed to grow between them. The large and beautiful suns that twinkle in the midnight heavens seemed to take pity on this helpless little one of earth. And while the child looked up at them or they looked down upon the child, their beautiful light seemed to enter its eyes and stay there for ever.

But the deserted little one would certainly have soon been frozen to death, if God had not

STAR EYE

ordered that a certain traveller should come that way. He was a Finnish settler. He was on his way home from town where he had bought some flour and salt for Christmas. He found the child and took it up in his sled and carried it away.

The settler reached home early Christmas morning, just as the church bell was ringing for early Christmas service. He at once took the child into the house, and handed it to his wife, saying:

“Here is a little Christmas present for you.”

And then, after he had wiped the frost from his hair and beard, he told how he had found it.

The settler’s wife took the child, undid the reindeer-skin and then gave the little one some sweet milk to drink.

“God has sent you to us,” she said. “Poor Child! Have you no father nor mother? Then Simon Sorsa shall be your father and I will be your mother. You shall be our child. Simmu, and Palte, and Matte will be glad to have a little sister. I wonder if you have been baptized, Child?”

"That is not so certain," said the settler. "The Lapps live far from Church and minister. As we have service now, it is best that we take the child at once to Church and have it baptized."

The wife thought this a wise plan. So the little one was baptized and received the name of Elizabeth. The minister wondered at the twinkling of the child's eyes, and said jestingly afterwards:

"*Star Eye* is what you should have been called, and not Elizabeth!"

The settler's wife thought such talk heathenish, and told her husband so. But he, too, had noticed the bright twinkle in the child's eyes, and said that he thought this name might be as good as the other.

"What!" said the wife. "You do not mean to put any witchcraft into the child? You know she is a Lapp child and that the Lapps practice witchcraft. Simmu and Palte and Matte have as fine gray eyes as she has brown ones, and if you wish to give her a nickname call her *Cat Eye*, that will do just as well."

The settler did not wish to hurt his wife's feel-

STAR EYE

ings, and so said no more about it. But the minister's words were repeated, and from that day, the neighbors all called Simon Sorsa's little foundling *Star Eye*.

Little Star Eye grew up with her three foster-brothers, and was as slender and graceful as the boys were strong and chubby. Like most Lapp children, she had black hair and brown eyes, and was quiet and gentle. The four children grew up together in a spirit of peace and love, except that the boys sometimes, for mischief, pulled one another's hair.

The settler and his wife loved the four children equally well. Everything prospered about the place. No other father or mother ever inquired about Star Eye, for what else could the Laplander and his wife think, but that their child had been eaten by the wolves?

Star Eye was not more than three years old when her foster-mother began to notice something queer about the child. Star Eye had a strange power in her eyes, which no one could resist. She never disputed with anyone, and never defended herself when the little boys hurt her or

STAR EYE

wronged her. Star Eye only looked at them, and in an instant they were ready to do anything to please her.

The black cat with its glowing eyes did not dare to gaze at her, and Kettu, the shaggy brown dog, would stop his barking and growling whenever she looked at him.

Her foster-mother imagined that the child's eyes twinkled in the dark, and that they had power even over the wind and the weather. For one day when a terrible snow-storm was raging over the mountains, Star Eye stole quietly out and sat down on the door-step to look at the storm, and in a few minutes it was all over.

Much as the good foster-mother loved the child, she did not take kindly to this strange power.

"Stop looking at me so!" she said once in a vexed tone. "You seem to wish to look through me."

Poor Star Eye was hurt and cast her eyes to the floor. She thought that her foster-mother was angry with her. The good woman felt rebuked. She patted the child on the head, and said,

STAR EYE

"Don't cry, little one, you can't help it that you are a Lapp."

One day when Star Eye was three years old, her foster-mother was sitting at the spinning wheel thinking of her husband, who was again away from home. She remembered that his horse had lost the shoe on the left hind foot, and she was wondering how the horse could get along. Star Eye was sitting in a corner, playing that the little stool in front of her was a horse, and as she was driving it, she said:

"Mother is thinking that you have lost the shoe on your left hind foot."

"How do you know that?" asked her mother, looking up in surprise.

"Star Eye saw it," replied the child.

The good woman was troubled, but said nothing. She decided, however, to keep a watch on Star Eye. A few days later a stranger stopped at the place over night. In the morning the settler's wife noticed that her gold ring, which had been left on the table during the night, was gone. The stranger was questioned and his pockets were searched, but no ring was found. Just then Star

STAR EYE

Eye woke up, and, with a surprised look at the man, said:

“He has a ring in his mouth.”

The ring was found, and the stranger quickly made his escape.

Some days passed by, and the little boy Palte took the measles. The minister, who served also as doctor, was called. The settler's wife had two salmon, a large one and a small one. She intended to give one of them to the minister for coming to see the sick boy.

“Shall I give him the little one or the big one?” she thought to herself. “I think the little one will do.”

Star Eye sat in a corner and held a brush in her lap. The brush was a child and had the measles. The broom standing by was the doctor.

“Shall I give you the little salmon or the big salmon?” she said to the broom. “I think the little one will do.”

Her mother heard it all, and every word stung her to the quick. When the doctor was gone, she could no longer restrain her anger, but said to Star Eye:



STAR EYE SANG FOR THEM AND THE MICE LISTENED

STAR EYE

“Now I see that witchcraft will never leave you! You are not to look at me any more with your bewitched eyes. You are to stay in the cellar and come up only once a day to get your food. Then you are to have a thick towel tied over your eyes, so that you may not look through people any more, until the wicked art has left you.”

This was a harsh way to treat the poor child, who had never done harm to anyone. But her foster-mother really believed in the witchcraft for which Lapland is so famous. So she shut Star Eye up in the dark cellar, but gave her both food and bed, so that she did not have to starve or freeze. Star Eye had everything except freedom, love, companionship, and sunlight.

The settler was away from home, and Star Eye sat alone in the cellar. It was not a happy thing to do, but a contented heart can make sunshine anywhere. Star Eye had playmates, there was a block of wood, a broken crock, a spool, a stick of wood, a broken bottle, and a tub. The block of wood was her foster-father, the broken crock her foster-mother, the spool, the stick of wood, and the broken bottle were her brothers. All of

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them, except the block of wood, lived in the tub. Star Eye sang for them and the mice listened to her song.

The settler's wife had an old gossip for a neighbor, named Murra. The two women were together on the day before Christmas, and began to talk about the witchcraft of Lapland. The mother was knitting, Simmu was playing with some copper coins, Palte was crushing a brickbat, and Matte was tying a string around the kitten's leg. Then Star Eye was heard singing in the cellar as she was rocking the spool in her lap:

"Mother knits the fine, soft wool,

See the pretty mitten!

Matte e'er with mischief full,

Binds the little kitten!

Simmu counts his copper coins,

Not a king is prouder!

Palte crushes with a stone

Brickbats into powder!

Out the sun is peeping.

Now the spool is sleeping."

"What is the Lapp child singing in the cellar?" asked Murra.

STAR EYE

"She is singing to her playthings in the tub," answered the settler's wife.

"But she can see through the floor all that we do!" exclaimed Murra. "She can see the sun in the dark cellar!"

"Indeed, I am afraid she can!" sighed the settler's wife. "Alas! I am afraid she is a Witch Child."

"I know what to do," said the wicked Murra. "Tie seven towels over her eyes and place seven carpets over the cellar-door, and she will not see anything."

"That will I try at once," said the foster-mother.

And she went to the cellar and tied seven towels over the poor child's eyes, and laid seven carpets over the trap-door to the cellar. But by and by, when it grew dark and the Northern Lights began to stream in the sky and two red rings were seen in the heavens, Star Eye again began to sing:

*"Now the little stars are out,
Little stars that love me;*

STAR EYE

*And two colored bows I see,
In the heavens above me:
Little stars are peeping in,
Peeping in to cheer me;
E'en the red bows on me smile,
With their light so near me.
Little stars so dear,
Christmas now is near!"*

"Listen to that now!" said the wicked Murra. "She can see the stars and the Northern Lights. She is the worst Witch Child I ever saw!"

"It can't be possible," replied the settler's wife. "I will go at once to the cellar and see.

She went and found Star Eye with her head tied up in seven towels, just as she had left her.

"Do you even now see the stars?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Star Eye. "I see them, oh, so many! It is so clear and light. Mother, Christmas is coming!"

The woman went back and told it all to Murra. And Murra said:

"Now there is nothing to do but to dig a hole seven cubits deep, and put the child in it, and

STAR EYE

cover her up with dirt. That will stop her seeing."

"No," returned the settler's wife, "that I will never do. It would kill the poor child. Besides, my husband would be sorry to hear it."

"Well, then, give her to me," said the wicked Murra, "and I will take her back to Lapland."

"Only don't hurt her in any way," said the settler's wife.

"What harm would I do her?" asked Murra. "I will take her back to the place she came from."

The wicked Murra took Star Eye, wrapped her in a reindeer-skin, and carried her out to the mountain. There she placed little Star Eye in a snow-drift, and went away saying:

"I have done as I promised. She came from a snow-drift, and to a snow-drift have I returned her."

Star Eye lay wrapped in the reindeer-skin in the snow-drift, looking up at the stars. It was again a bright Christmas night, as it had been three years before. The countless large and brilliant orbs of heaven again looked down with pity

STAR EYE

upon the helpless and innocent child. They looked into her eyes and into her heart, and found nothing there but innocence and adoration. Then the child's eyes shone with a still brighter light. Their gaze penetrated even beyond the stars to the very veil of the invisible throne, where the Angels move up and down with messages to the millions of worlds in God's boundless creation. And the night was still and clear and wrapped in silent adoration.

Early in the morning before his children were yet awake, the settler came home from his long journey. When he inquired about the children his wife replied that Palte had had the measles but was well again, and that Simmu and Matte were fat and round like her Christmas cake.

"But Star Eye, how is she?" he asked.

"She is well," replied his wife, for she was afraid to tell him the truth, and her conscience troubled her.

"We must take good care of her," said the settler. "I had a strange dream last night while asleep in my sled. I thought I saw a beautiful star

STAR EYE

fall upon my lap-robe. And the star spoke and said:

“‘Take me and care for me, and I will be a blessing in thy house.’ But when I reached out my hand to take the star, behold! it was gone. And I awoke and began to think how God had blessed us in everything since we took the little stranger into our house. Before that nothing prospered. We were sick and poor. Our crops were frost-bitten, our cows were killed by bears, our sheep torn by wolves. Everything is different now. It is because God blesses the merciful, and his Angels take special care of innocent and helpless children.”

When his wife heard this she was greatly worried, but dared not tell the truth about Star Eye. Presently the boys woke up, and rushed at once to their father. He was delighted to see them all looking so well. When he had rocked them on his knees for awhile, he asked for Star Eye.

“Mother has shut her up in the cellar,” said Simmu.

“Mother has tied seven towels over her eyes

STAR EYE

and put seven carpets over the cellar door," said Palte.

"Mother has given her to Murra, and Murra has carried her to the mountain," said Matte.

When the settler heard this he became red with anger. His wife turned white as a sheet, and said:

"She was a Lapp child, and the Lapps are given to witchcraft."

The settler said nothing, but tired as he was, went to the barn and hitched his horse to the sled once more. Then he drove to the wicked Murra's hut, and made her go along with him and show him where she had left Star Eye.

They drove to the foot of the mountain, and then tied the horse to a tree. They went the rest of the way on skees. When they came to the place where Murra had put the child, they saw a little hole in the snow where she had been lying. But Star Eye they could not find. They hunted all around, but saw no trace of her. They saw tracks of snow-shoes near by, and hoped that some one had found her and taken pity on her once more.

The wicked Murra never returned, for the wolves made her their prey. But the settler

reached his home, just as the Church bell was ringing for Christmas service. His wife was sitting in the house shedding bitter tears of repentance. She felt that she could not go to Church to praise the Lord. She had been to feed the sheep in the morning, and had found that the wolves had broken in. Not a sheep was left.

“Our punishment has already begun,” said the settler. “But now, Mother, let us take the children and go to Church. We have committed a great sin, for which we must seek forgiveness.”

From that day nothing has been heard of Star Eye. But it is hoped that some traveller, led by a good Angel, found her in the snow and took her to his home. And there, let us hope she found a better and happier home to bless and to cheer. She will always continue to see more than other people. She will see through closed doors and double walls. She will look through people’s hearts, and penetrate beyond the stars, yea, even to the threshold of the Abodes of the Blest.



SKY HIGH AND CLOUD BEARD

ONCE upon a time in a mighty forest in the wastes of Finland, there stood, side by side, on a certain hill two tall fir trees. They were so old that nobody remembered them as young trees. They were so high that you could see them from a long way off, towering above all other trees of the forest.

The thrush sang its sweet songs among their branches every spring, and the modest heath blossoms looked meekly up toward them, as if to say:

“Dear God, is it possible to grow so tall and be so large and old in this world?”

But when winter came and wrapped all the

SKY HIGH AND CLOUD BEARD

country around in snow and frost, and the grass withered and died and the heath blossoms lay sleeping beneath the white snow-covering, the winds would whistle in the tall tree-tops and shake the snow from their evergreen branches. The hurricanes swept away houses and whole forests, but the tall firs stood unmoved and unshaken.

Not far from the tall trees was a little hill in the woods, and on the hill a little cottage with sod roof and two tiny windows. There lived a poor cottager and his wife. They had a small potato patch and a garden near the cottage. In the winter the cottager cut logs and hauled them to the great sawmill seven miles away. Thus he earned enough to keep his family supplied with butter and bread, milk and potatoes.

The cottager and his wife had two children, a boy named Sylvester and a girl named Sylvia. Where did they get these strange names? Perhaps from the woods, for Sylvia means woods.

Now it happened one winter day that both of the children went out to look at their snares, for there were plenty of rabbits and white grouse.

SKY HIGH AND CLOUD BEARD

And sure enough there was a rabbit in Sylvester's snare and a grouse in Sylvia's. But both the rabbit and the grouse were alive. Each had been caught by one foot and was unhurt. When they saw the children coming they began to whine so bitterly that Sylvester and Sylvia were surprised.

"Let me go, let me go! I will give you something good," said the grouse.

"Let me go, let me go! I will give you something good," said the rabbit.

The children took pity on the poor animals and let them go. The rabbit scampered off into the woods with long and uneven jumps, while the grouse flew away as fast as its wings could carry it, and both cried out:

"Ask Sky High and Cloud Beard! Ask Sky High and Cloud Beard!"

"What do they mean, the ungrateful scamps?" said Sylvester. "They didn't even thank us."

"They told us to ask Sky High and Cloud Beard," said Sylvia. "Who can they be? I have never heard such names before."

"Nor I either," said Sylvester.

At that very moment a strong wintry blast

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blew through the branches of the tall firs close by. There was a loud murmur in their cold and dusky tops. In the murmur, the children heard strange and wonderful voices.

"Art thou still standing, Brother Sky High?" asked one of the firs.

"Of course I am," replied the other. "But how is it with thee, Brother Cloud Beard?"

"I am getting old," said Cloud Beard. "The wind broke one of my top branches."

"Thou art but a mere child compared with me," replied Sky High. "Only three hundred and fifty years old you are! I have rounded out my three hundred and eighty-eight years. A mere child! A mere child!"

"The wind is coming again," said Cloud Beard. "Let us sing a song, and my branches will have something to think about."

And they began to sing as the storm came on.

"Let us now talk with the children of men," murmured Sky High.

"I wonder what they mean to say to us?" said Sylvester.

"Let us go home," whispered Sylvia. "I am

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afraid of the tall trees with their wonderful songs."

"Wait, I see Father coming with his axe on his shoulder," said Sylvester.

And in a few moments the cotter was there.

"Well, those are just the trees I want," said he and raised his axe to cut down Sky High.

But the children began to cry.

"Dear, kind Papa, don't cut down Sky High!" begged Sylvester.

"And dear, good Papa, don't cut down Cloud Beard!" said Sylvia. "They are both of them so old, and they have just sung us a song."

"What silly notion is that!" exclaimed the cotter. "As if trees could sing! But it doesn't matter. Since you beg for them, I can find a couple of others."

And he went farther into the woods. But the children stayed to hear what Sky High and Cloud Beard would say.

Before long the wind came back again from the old mill, where it had been grinding with might and main. Once more it began to rustle among the branches of the old firs. The children

could hear very plainly that the trees were talking again.

"You have saved our lives," said the trees, "that was nobly done. Now you may ask a boon, and whatever you ask we will give you."

The children were both happy and confused. They could not think of anything that they wanted in this world. At last Sylvester said:

"I would like very much to have a little sunshine. We could then see the rabbit tracks in the snow so much better."

"Yes," said Sylvia, "and I wish spring would come, and the snow-drifts would melt, and the birds begin to sing in the trees."

"Foolish Children!" exclaimed the trees. "You might have asked for all the pretty things in the world. Instead you have asked for what will come without your wishing. But you have saved our lives, and your wishes shall, therefore, be fulfilled in a better and happier way than you think. To you, Sylvester, we will give the gift of sunshine. Wherever you go, you will spread sunshine about you. And you, Sylvia, wherever you go and whenever you open your little mouth,

there will be warm spring and the cold drifts will melt away. Now is that good?"

"Yes! O yes!" said the children. "It is more than we asked for, and we thank you, dear trees, for your gifts."

"Good-bye! then," said the trees, "and good luck to you both."

"Good-bye! good-bye!" returned the children and started for home. And as they went along, Sylvester looked about for birds in the trees, as he always did. How strange! Wherever he looked a ray of sunshine seemed to spread before him, and like a shower of gold to light up the branches of the trees. Sylvia noticed with no less surprise, that the drifts began to melt on both sides of her path.

"Look! look!" she cried to her brother.

And she had hardly opened her mouth before the grass began to grow at her feet, and the trees began to bud, and the first lark was heard to trill its song high in the blue.

"How wonderful!" cried the children in great glee and ran home to their mother.

"I can see sunshine!" cried Sylvester.

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"And I can melt the snow-drifts!" cried Sylvia.

"Anybody can do that," smiled the mother.

But it was not long before her eyes grew big with wonder, for though it was evening and darkness all around, there was light and sunshine in the house.

This lasted until Sylvester grew sleepy and shut his eyes. And though it was the early part of winter, there was a delightful odor of spring, and even the old birch-broom in the corner began to put forth buds, and the rooster was so delighted that he began to flap his wings and to crow. And all this lasted until Sylvia fell asleep.

"Listen, Father," said the mother when the cotter came home, "there is something wrong with the children. I am afraid they have run across a Troll in the woods."

"Oh, that is all imagination," said the cotter. "But let me tell you the news. Can you guess? The King and Queen are passing through the country. To-morrow they will be at our Church. What do you say, shall we take the children and drive over to see the royal pair?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied the good woman. "It

isn't often that we may see a King and Queen."

The next morning the cotter and his wife and the children were up in good time and on their way to the Church. They were all so busy thinking of what they were to see that not one of them remembered the things that had happened yesterday. Neither did any of them notice how the sunshine flew before them, and how the birches began to bud on both sides of the road.

When they came to the Church, large numbers of people had already arrived, but all were filled with great fear and trembling. The King was said to be angry because he found the country so wild and barren. He laid the blame upon the people, and as he was a very stern King it was feared that he would severely punish them all. Of the Queen it was known that she had been almost frozen to death in Finland.

This everybody knew, and so they trembled with fear when with the speed of the wind the royal party approached the Church. The King looked very angry and the Queen was weeping. In the meantime they were gazing about them,

for the silver-studded tops of the royal coaches were down.

“What fine sunshine of a sudden!” exclaimed the King and smiled most graciously. “I can’t think what all at once makes me so cheerful.”

“It must be because your Majesty ate a good breakfast,” replied the Queen. “But it is even so with me too.”

“It must be because your Majesty slept so well last night,” said the King. “But see how beautiful this poor Finland is after all. See how bright the sun shines on the two tall firs over there in the woods. We ought to build a Royal Palace here.”

“Yes, let us do so, my Lord and King,” said the Queen. “Just see how the leaves are bursting forth on the trees in the midst of winter.”

All at once they noticed Sylvester and Sylvia, who had climbed upon a fence in order to get a better view of the King and Queen. And Sylvia was talking and talking in her glee, till the dry old fence began to put forth large green leaves around her.

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"See there are two good children," said the Queen. "Let them come up to the sleigh."

The children came with their fingers in their mouths.

"Listen now!" said the King. "I am well pleased with you. I get warm and cheerful when I look at you. Come up into the sleigh, and you may ride with us to our Royal Court, and be dressed in golden robes, and make everybody happy."

"No thank you, dear King," said both of the children. "We would rather stay at home and make Father and Mother happy. At the Court we would pine for Sky High and Cloud Beard."

"But could you not take Sky High and Cloud Beard with you?" asked the Queen, who now felt more warm and cheerful than before.

"No, dear Queen," said the children, "it cannot be done. They grow in the woods."

"What queer things children can get into their noddles!" exclaimed the King and Queen and laughed till the royal sleigh fairly jumped.

Then they gave orders to build a Palace at the place, and they were so kind and gracious that

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everybody was filled with amazement. Each poor person was given a gold piece, and Sylvester and Sylvia received the royal cake, which the court baker had baked for the journey, and which was so large that it was drawn by four horses. And the children divided the cake and gave pieces of it to every child in the village. Yet they had so much left that it was all the cotter's horse could do to carry the rest of the cake home.

On the way back the cotter's wife whispered to her husband:

"Do you know why the King and Queen were so gracious to-day?"

"No," replied he.

"It was because Sylvester and Sylvia looked at them. Do you remember what I said yesterday?"

"Hush! hush!" said the cotter. "Do not tell the children. It is better that they should not know of such wonderful gifts which no grown person can understand!"

And Sylvester and Sylvia, in their joy over the royal cake, entirely forgot that they could make sunshine and melt snow-drifts. They did not

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know how happy and contented people became when they looked at them. As they were good and kind children, people thought that was the reason for the wonders.

Certain it is that the children were a joy to their parents, and that the great wilderness was changed into rich and waving fields of grain and beautiful green meadows, where the birds of spring sang all winter through. And nobody ever saw the like of those birds!

After a few years Sylvester became the game-warden in the royal park. Sylvia had charge of the orchard and garden. And it was strange that wherever these children were, everything grew and bloomed till it was a delight to look upon.

One day Sylvester and Sylvia visited their old friends Sky High and Cloud Beard. There chanced to blow as of old a roaring winter-wind, and it moaned and sighed in the tall dark tops of the old firs. And the two trees sang:

*“Oh ho! Oh hey!
We are so old, we are so gray!
But strong and sturdy here we stay;*

SKY HIGH AND CLOUD BEARD

*All rooted fast
Since ages past;
In spring's young days,
Or autumn's haze,
In winter hours,
Or summer showers,
In every gale,
In rain and hail.
Oh ho! Oh hey!
We are so old, we are so gray!
But strong and sturdy . . ."*

Just at this moment there came a mighty blast of wind. There was a creaking and a cracking sound, and crash went Sky High and Cloud Beard to the ground. Sky High was then three hundred and ninety-three years old and Cloud Beard three hundred and fifty-five. They had not noticed that their roots had decayed, so that the winds of heaven had gained control over the giants.

But Sylvester and Sylvia tenderly patted the mossy trunks of the dead firs, and spoke so lovingly to them that the snow melted all around,

SKY HIGH AND CLOUD BEARD

and the pale heath-blossoms grew high over the fallen trees. There were Sky High and Cloud Beard buried in flowers.

It is now a long time since I have heard anything of Sylvester and Sylvia. But every time I see two good and kind children whom all people love, I imagine I see Sylvester and Sylvia, and that they have received their glad eyes from Sky High and Cloud Beard. Then begins to melt the ice on the window-pane, the snow in the drift, and the frost in the hearts of men. And there are spring and green growing things in the midst of winter, so that even the broom in the old corner puts forth buds, and the old fence shoots forth leaves, and the lark sings under the high blue vault of heaven.

For all this we must thank Sky High and Cloud Beard, or rather we should thank the great and good God, who sends spring and sunshine to the earth.





WHEN THE BRIGHT SUN RISES

I

A SONG OF JOY

How beautiful is Nature at Midsummer in the far north! All the trees are leafing. All the birds are singing, and the little flowers are lifting their heads to the light. The sun dips his face into the distant sea at a late, late hour. Before the twilight of evening has faded from sight, the twilight of morning brings in a new day.

Finland is such a large country that its northern parts are much lighter in summer and darker in winter than are its southern parts. In Helsingfors, you have to light the candles to read at mid-

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night in Midsummer, but at Uleåborg you can read all the night through without a candle, for three months in summer.

On Midsummer-night the boys while they wait for the bright sun to rise, toss balls on the green, and the girls dance and play games. The children who can afford it bring fritters, cakes, and mead for supper. But the poor little boys and girls have to look on while the others eat, unless some of the kind-hearted children share their goodies with them.

On the hills, fires burn all night, called *kokko* in Finland. Everyone is joyous because the light and heat of summer have come.

In the darkness of winter, at Christmas, the candles are lighted in the Churches, because the Lord Jesus our Saviour came to the earth as the Eternal Light to scatter the darkness in the world.

But at Midsummer how all Nature sings the Lord's praise! The earth and sky form a great temple. From the high canopy above, the sun hangs like a chandelier lighting up the immense temple. Here the tiny blue-bells are ringing to service, the tall pines are preaching their ser-

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mons, the little brooks are chanting their songs, the breezes are playing their soft tunes among the branches of the trees, the little birds join in the sweet melody. So all Nature unites in one grand harmony of praise to God.

And the little birds form their songs into words, though many of us do not understand them. These words they have learned from the Angels, and they are:

*Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward men.*

But the little flowers whisper to one another: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of us."

Let me tell you something interesting and beautiful that happened one Midsummer Night.

II

BONFIRES OF JOY

CARL and his sister Sophie had slept during the afternoon so as to be able to keep their eyes open

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during the night. For they wanted to see the bright sun rise at midnight. At six o'clock they had each a piece of bread and butter and a glass of milk. Then they started out to join the other children on the village green. Their father had given them each a little silver coin to buy dainties with. There were usually some old women peddling waffles, fritters, cakes, and other goodies, to sell to the children.

Many of the boys and girls were already there. They played ball, and pussie wants a corner, last couple out, fox and geese, and other games, and had great fun. Even the little sparrows which sat on the roofs twittered in their own happy way.

When Carl and Sophie had run themselves tired, he said to her :

"Come, let's go to that old woman yonder and buy some waffles with my money."

"Yes, let's go," said Sophie.

But on the way they passed five or six boys and girls who were eating waffles covered with sugar. Close to them sat a poor, ragged little girl, looking on. She said nothing, she asked for nothing. She only looked, and looked, and now

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and then lifted her thin little fingers to her lips.

"You look hungry!" said Sophie.

The little girl was very quiet and hesitated to speak. But at last she said:

"I am very, very hungry!"

"Here, take my money and buy something to eat," said Carl. "We have already had bread and butter and milk this evening. Besides, my sister has a piece of money left."

"Let us save my money till we get hungrier," said Sophie.

"Yes," said Carl.

Then they went back to their play.

The little girl nodded: "Thank you! Thank you!"

But nobody knows what she bought for the money.

When it grew late, some of the children ran to the woods to build their Midsummer Bonfire, or, as the Finns say, their *kokko*.

On the highest hill there lay a big pile of pine knots and other wood that burned easily. When the sun dipped below the horizon the boys and girls lit their fire. It was a grand sight. The tall

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pinetrees around stood with their lofty tops enveloped in smoke. The fire and smoke mounted higher and higher toward the clear evening-sky. About the fire danced scores of children, large and small.

The thrush was just in the midst of its evening concert, but hushed its song in wonder and astonishment. Gnats and bugs were so charmed with the beautiful sight that, to get a better view of it, they flew right into the fire. Even the fox peeped cautiously out from behind a rock, to see what this strange amusement might be.

When the first fuel was burnt up, all the boys were ready to gather more wood. There was laughter and shouting and joy as they ran about.

III

THE TWO STRANGE CHILDREN

"FIE! Carl!" said Sophie to her brother, who was tugging at a large chunk of wood twice as big as himself, "what will Mamma say to you for dirtying your clothes so?"

"That is too bad!" said Carl, but could not

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help laughing at his sister. "You ought to look in the glass! Do you know, Sophie, you have two big mustaches and a goatee of soot? Don't you look funny though!"

Sophie was almost frightened. She wet a corner of her handkerchief and began to rub her lips and her chin.

"Am I clean now?" she asked.

"Yes, till next time," said Carl.

And to be sure it was not long before she had new soot marks. She could not keep from blowing the fire, where it did not seem to want to burn well.

"Now, let us go and buy some bread and butter," said Carl, "for I am terribly hungry."

"Yes, I say so, too!" exclaimed his sister. "I have my money left."

But as they started to go, they saw a poor little boy with hardly any clothes on. He was running about with the other boys picking up wood. His teeth were chattering from cold, for the night air was chilly as it often is in Finland even at Midsummer.

"Why don't you dress warmer?" asked Carl.

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"I can get warmer here," replied the poor boy, and he crept close to the fire.

"Such a ragamuffin should run home to bed," said a tall boy who stood near.

"I have no home to go to," answered the poor boy.

"You have two coats," said Sophie to the tall boy who carried an extra one on his arm. "Lend one of them to this poor little boy."

"Lend!" laughed the tall boy. "Yes! if some one will pay rent for it, I will lend it till the sun rises."

"There you are," said Sophie, and she gave her small silver coin to the tall boy.

And the poor little boy was wrapped in the warm coat. Carl and Sophie had to go without either waffles or bread and butter, but for all that no one had a better time than they had.

And so the bonfire was kept burning. But the night was not long, for in a little while after the sun went down, the northeastern horizon began to blush. It grew redder and redder, until all the eastern heavens were bathed in crimson and gold.

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"The sun will soon be up again," said Carl to Sophie. "Come, let us climb this cliff. We will get a better view of the sunrise."

"Where is my coat? I want my coat back!" cried the tall boy who had taken pay for doing a good deed. "Fool that I am! I have lost the money you gave as rent for my coat!"

The tall boy found his coat, but happiness and contentment he did not find. He was cross and snappish and the other children ran away from him. The poor boy had vanished. Nobody knew where he was gone.

When Carl and Sophie reached the top of the cliff, they were surprised to find there waiting the two strange children who had received their money. But they did not appear to be poor and sorrowful now. Their faces glowed with happiness. They said:

"As you have been kind to us, we will thank you in a way that no one has ever thanked you before. Come here and kneel beside us."

Carl and Sophie knelt beside them, though they did not understand what the children meant. Carl and Sophie forgot that they were

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both sleepy and hungry. They wondered what they were to behold.

Suddenly there seemed to be a lull, a perfect quiet, in the woods. You could have heard the soft flutter of a mosquito's wing. But the mosquitoes folded their wings, the birds hushed their song, and even the little brook ceased its murmur. Then suddenly a ray of gold shot across the vault of heaven.

The glowing orb of day—the rising sun—softly lifted its head above the edge of the horizon. A thrill of life and joy seemed in an instant to fill all Nature. At the same moment the voices of Nature burst forth anew. The little gnats began to flit about, the birds to sing, the brook to murmur, and the woods to rustle in every leaf.

“Now, watch!” said the two poor children.

Then Carl and Sophie saw the air filled with millions and millions of beautiful, transparent Angels. They flitted about hither and thither, each one to its charge, for every living child had its Guardian Angel.

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“See!” said Sophie. “Every child has its own guardian to carry its prayers up to God. But we two have none!”

“Do you think so?” said the poor children. “And who then are we? Do you not know now that we are your Guardian Angels? Though you have never seen us before, you have often felt us in your hearts, whenever you have lifted your voices to God or done a good deed.

“It was we who spread our white wings over your cradle when you were little. It is we who always go by your side and in His Name keep you from the evil in the world. And it is we who are to follow you through life, if you will fear God and walk in obedience, love, peace, and truth to your journey’s end.”

And then suddenly the two poor children were changed into shining Angels transparent like air. They gradually faded from sight like thin clouds in the glory of the morning sun.

Carl and Sophie, in wonder and joy, arose to go. They heard the voice of the forest and the songs of the birds in the midsummer air:

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*Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
In earth as it is
In Heaven!*





ADALMINA'S PEARL

THERE was once a King and Queen who had a little girl. As she was a King's daughter, she was called a Princess. Her name was Adalmina. Her parents really loved her too much.

When the little Princess was baptized, two Fairies, a Red Fairy and a Blue Fairy, were her godmothers. These two good Fairies did not forget to give presents to the little Princess.

The Red Fairy gave her a large and beautiful Pearl. It was of such rare beauty, that its like had never been seen. With this Pearl, went Three Good Gifts.

"So long as the little Princess wears this Pearl," said the Red Fairy, "she will grow more

ADALMINA'S PEARL

The Princess grew up, and everything the Red Fairy had promised came to pass. Adalmina was the most beautiful Princess ever seen. Her eyes sparkled like two silvery stars on an early spring evening. Even the little flowers seemed to nod their heads and say:

“How beautiful she is!”

And Adalmina grew rich. Such wealth was never heard of. Treasures seemed to spring up around her. The floor in her room was of silver and pearls. The walls were made of large beautiful mirrors. The ceiling was of gold studded with diamonds. And how it all glittered when the lamps were lighted!

Adalmina ate and drank from golden cups, saucers, and plates. She slept on a golden bed. And had it been possible, she would have eaten gold. But gold is not fit to eat. And how wise she was! She could guess the hardest puzzles and riddles. She knew her lessons when she had read them but once. All the Wise Men in the Kingdom came to ask her questions. Every one agreed that she was the wisest Princess in the World.

ADALMINA'S PEARL

So far, so good! The King and Queen were very proud of her and loved her so much, that they thought her the most perfect person in the whole world. And Adalmina thought the same. When everybody kept telling her that she was a thousand times prettier, richer, and wiser than any one else, she gladly believed it. She grew proud and haughty. She thought that every one, even her father and mother, was beneath her. Poor Adalmina!

The older she grew, the prouder she was. She became cross, hard-hearted, greedy, and envious. When she saw a pretty flower in the garden, she stepped on it. She would not have anything pretty but herself! If she saw another Princess driving by in a gilded coach, Adalmina's heart was filled with envy. She would not have anybody rich but herself. If some one said that another girl was good and wise, Adalmina shed bitter tears. She could not bear to have any one wise but herself!

She scolded everybody who did not flatter her. She was a tyrant whom all feared and none loved.

ADALMINA'S PEARL

The King and Queen were the only persons in the whole world, who were not disgusted with her pride and selfishness.

One day when Adalmina was fifteen years old, she went to take a walk in the Palace Park. When she came to the gate, she wished to go outside the Park. But the gate was locked. The four servitors and the four maids-in-waiting did not dare unlock it without the King's orders. They refused to do so. Adalmina grew angry. She struck her faithful attendants in the face and climbed over the gate. When the attendants rushed after her, she ran into the woods and hid among the trees and bushes.

For the first time in her life, she felt tired and thirsty. She sat down by a little fountain to drink and rest. She dipped her soft white hand into the water, and drank from it. At the same time she saw her own picture in the water.

"How lovely I am!" exclaimed she.

She stooped lower to see herself the better. Then—*splash*—right into the water fell her beautiful crown and sank to the bottom of the fountain.

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Adalmina hardly noticed this, she was so busy admiring her own loveliness. When the water in the fountain was quiet again, she saw a very different picture. She no longer saw the beautiful Princess in gold-brocade dress, with jewels in her hair and diamonds in her ears. She saw instead a poor, homely beggar-girl, bare-footed, with torn clothes and uncombed hair. And in a moment her great wisdom vanished and she knew nothing at all.

She no longer remembered who she was, or where she had come from, or whither she was going. She had a strange feeling that something had happened. This frightened her so, that she began to run and run, deeper and deeper into the woods, not knowing where she was going.

It grew dark, and wolves began to howl in the woods. Adalmina was the more frightened, and ran faster and farther. At last she saw a glimmer of light in the distance. Before her was a tiny hut. In the hut, lived a poor old woman.

"Dear Child," said the woman, "where do you come from so late at night?"

But Adalmina could not tell. She did not know

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who she was, nor who her parents were. The good old woman thought this strange and took pity on her, saying:

"Since you are so poor and are alone in the world, stay with me. I need some one to tend my goats in the woods. This I will let you do, my Child, if you will be good and kind, and content to live on bread and water. When we feast now and then, you may have a sup of goat's milk."

The poor child was well content. With a thankful heart she kissed the good old woman's hand. For without knowing it, Adalmina had received the Blue Fairy's Gift. She had lost her beauty, her wealth, and her wisdom, but she had received a kind Humble Heart.

She was much happier now, tending flocks of goats in the woods, eating hard bread, and sleeping on straw and moss. Goodness and love followed her everywhere. She spread sunshine wherever she went, the sunshine of goodness and love that always shines forth from a beautiful soul, like the light from Angels' faces.

Now there was great trouble in the Palace, when it was known that the Princess had van-

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ished. It did not mend matters that the poor half-crazed servitors and maids-in-waiting were thrown into a dungeon where neither sun nor moon could shine. And there the grim red-coated Executioner stood guard at the door, with his horrible axe.

The King and Queen were quite beside themselves with grief. They ordered the whole Kingdom to put on mourning. And a Proclamation was read in every Church, that whosoever should find the Princess, might marry her if he wished and have half the Kingdom to boot.

It was a rich reward, and many Princes and Knights set forth to win it. For three long years they rode out to search for Adalmina, here and there and everywhere. Summer and winter they searched, but could not find so much as the gilded heel of her slipper.

At last one day, the young and brave Prince Sigismund of Franconia, during his search, came to the old woman's hut in the woods. She, too, was dressed in mourning. Her robe was very fine, but it was black. Even her goats were black and white.

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"Whom are you mourning, Mother?" he asked.

"The King has ordered all to mourn for the Princess," replied she. "But she is not much loss! Of course she was pretty and rich. But people say she had such a proud selfish heart, that no one could love her."

Just then Adalmina came home with her goats. The Prince looked at her. He could not understand why such a poor and homely girl should stir his heart. Indeed, he almost loved her before he looked at her.

"Have you seen anything of the Princess?" he asked.

"No," said Adalmina.

"Strange!" said the Prince. "For three long years have I sought the little Princess, and thought of nothing else. Now I will seek her no more. I will build myself a Palace here in the woods, and live here for the rest of my life."

No sooner said than done! The Palace was built. It stood near the fountain where Adalmina had been changed into a poor girl. One day when it was very hot, the Prince was thirsty and

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he stooped down to drink from the little fountain.

"What is it that glitters so brightly at the bottom of the fountain?" thought he. "I will see what it is."

He reached down his hand to the bottom, and drew up the golden crown with the beautiful Pearl in it. Then he remembered the lost Princess Adalmina. Could this be her crown? He went at once with it to the King's Palace. No sooner did the King and Queen see it, than they both exclaimed:

"Adalmina's crown! Adalmina's crown! Alas! where is she, our beautiful little Princess?"

Then the King remembered the words of the Red Fairy, and guessed what had happened. Adalmina had lost her Pearl, her beauty, and her wisdom. Then he issued another Proclamation to be read in the Churches. It stated that all maidens who were eighteen, should come together at the Palace on a certain day, and try on the crown. The maiden whose head fitted the crown perfectly, should be declared to be Adal-

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mina and be given in marriage to Prince Sigismund of Franconia.

Of course all the maidens hurried to the Palace. There they stood one lovely summer day, in long rows, thousands of them. From morn till night, the crown was passed from head to head, but it fitted none. The maidens began to murmur:

"The King is making sport of us. Let us cast lots, and let her who wins have both the Prince and the crown."

This did not please the Prince. He begged them to wait till the sun had set.

Then a watchman was placed in a tower, to see if any strange girl might be coming along the highways. The sun sank lower, and the Prince cried:

"Watchman, do you see any one coming?"

"I see the little flowers bow their heads to go to sleep," answered the watchman. "But I see no one coming."

Again the Prince called out:

"Time flies! Watchman, do you see any one coming along the highways?"

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"A cloud I see," replied the watchman, "spreading before the setting sun. And the little bird hides its head beneath its tired wing. Night is at hand. But no one, no one, do I see upon the highways."

Once more the Prince cried:

"The day closes! Watchman, do you see any one coming?"

"I see a little cloud of dust," replied the Watchman, "rising near the edge of the woods. It comes nearer. I see a poor shepherd-girl driving home her goats."

"Let us try the crown on her head," said the Prince.

But the maidens who thought themselves so much better than the poor shepherd-girl, cried out:

"No! No!"

The King however, ordered the shepherd-girl to be brought. And when the crown was tried on her head, it fitted perfectly.

The sun set and it grew dark, and no one could see what the poor shepherd-girl looked like. But the Prince thought to himself:

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"Behold! The good God has ordered that I should marry this poor shepherd-girl. I do it willingly! I have seen her in the good old woman's hut in the woods. I know there is light and sunshine about her wherever she goes."

"Long live Prince Sigismund and Princess Adalmina!" shouted the people.

Then the poor shepherd-girl was led into the King's Hall, lit by a thousand tapers. But brighter than a thousand tapers shone the wonderful beauty of the shepherd-girl. She had been suddenly transformed into the Princess Adalmina!

For as soon as she had received back her Pearl, she had also received her beauty, wealth, and wisdom. But best of all, she was allowed to keep the Blue Fairy's Gift—the Humble Heart.

She fell on her knees before her father and mother and begged their forgiveness. She called for the poor old woman of the woods and embraced her.

And those who saw this, could scarcely believe their eyes. But Prince Sigismund said:

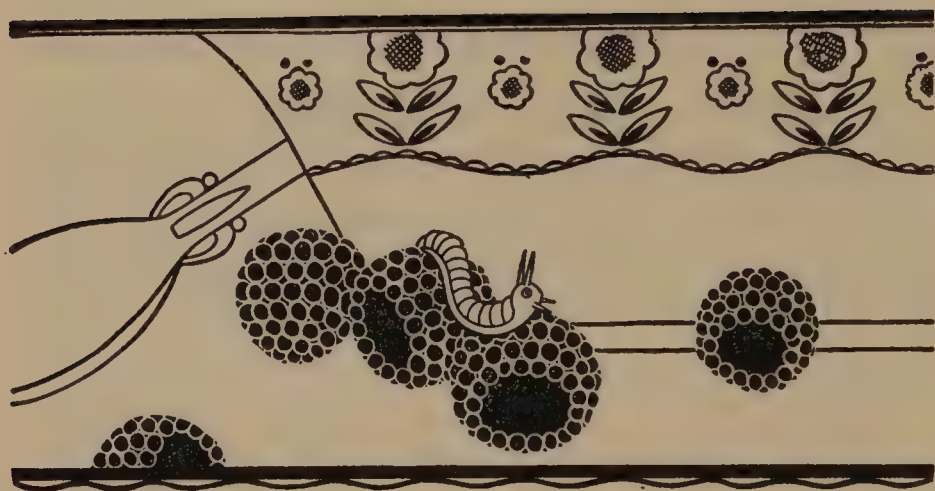
"Beautiful is Adalmina's Pearl! But more beautiful is her Humble Heart!"

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Then there was a royal wedding and great rejoicings. The four servitors and the four maids-in-waiting were released from their dark dungeon. The grim red-coated Executioner with his terrible axe was banished. And all the people cried:

“Beautiful is Adalmina's Pearl! But more beautiful is her Humble Heart!”





THE RASPBERRY WORM

"UGH!" screamed Theresa.

"Shoo!" cried Anna with a shiver.

"What now?" asked the big sister.

"A worm!" replied Theresa.

"On the raspberry!" cried Anna.

"Kill it!" said Lorenzo.

"And all this fuss about a poor little worm!" exclaimed the big sister in a vexed tone.

"Yes! While we were cleaning the raspberries!" said Theresa.

"It crept out from the largest one!" put in Anna.

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"What if any one had eaten that berry!" cried Theresa.

"He would have eaten the worm too!" broke in Anna.

"And what of it?" asked Lorenzo.

"Eat a worm!" exclaimed Theresa.

"And bite it to death!" said Anna.

"Of course!" said Lorenzo laughing.

"Now it's crawling on the table!" cried Theresa.

"Scrape it off," said the big sister.

"Step on it," laughed Lorenzo.

But Theresa took a raspberry leaf and swept the worm carefully on it. She carried it outdoors and laid it down. Anna noticed that a greedy sparrow which sat on the fence was watching the leaf with the little worm on it. She picked up the leaf and carried it to some bushes. There she hid it safely away, so that no cunning sparrow could ever find it.

Now, what more can there be to tell about a little Raspberry Worm? Who would care a straw for such an ugly little thing? But who would not like to live in a beautiful little house

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of a rich red color, smelling of the sweetest perfume and hidden away among leaves and flowers in the beautiful, quiet woods?

It was near noon, and the children had raspberries and cream for dinner.

"Don't take too much sugar, Lorenzo," said the big sister. But Lorenzo's saucer resembled a little snow-drift with here and there a bit of red shining through.

When dinner was over, the big sister said:

"Well, now we have eaten all the berries and have none left to can for winter. Wouldn't it be nice to have two large basketfuls to clean this afternoon? Then we could boil them with sugar in the big kettle and put them up in cans for winter, to eat with waffles."

"Come, let us go to the woods and pick some more," said Theresa.

"Yes," said Anna. "You take the yellow basket, and I'll take the green one."

"Don't lose your way, but come home by evening," said the big sister.

"Greet the Raspberry Worm from me," said

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Lorenzo. "The next time I meet him, I'll have the honor of eating him."

So Theresa and Anna went into the woods. How delightfully cool and shady it was! The walking, however, was often hard. There were shrubs, and briars, and fallen trees in the way. Then, too, there were mosquitoes to fight. But the sisters walked fearlessly on and were soon deep in the woods.

There were plenty of crowberries and blueberries, but very few raspberries. The little girls went farther and farther, until at last they came to a whole forest of raspberry bushes. Once a great fire had burned the trees, and now the children could see nothing but raspberry bushes, as far as the eye could reach. And every bush was loaded with the largest and reddest raspberries you ever saw.

Theresa picked. Anna picked. Theresa ate. Anna ate. Before long they had both baskets full.

"Now let's go home," said Anna.

"No, let's pick some more," said Theresa.

And so they set their baskets down and began

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to pick in their aprons. In a short while they had them full too.

"Now, then, we'll go home," said Theresa.

"Yes, now we'll go home," said Anna.

Each took her basket in one hand and held her apron in the other. So they trudged along. But to go home was more easily said than done. The little girls had never been so deep in the woods. There were no roads nor paths, and they soon found that they had lost their way. To add to their fright, the shadows of the tall trees became longer and longer. The little birds flew to their homes, and the dew began to dampen the grasses and the flowers. Soon the sun set behind the tall pines. It grew cooler and darker in the big woods.

The little girls were very much frightened, but kept on walking and walking. They were hoping all the time to see the end of the woods and the friendly smoke from their chimney at home.

When they had walked a long, long while, the woods grew dark as night. The two little girls came to a large opening where the stars looked

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down. They peered about them as well as they could in the dark, and found that they were back at the raspberry bushes. They had walked around in a big circle. Tired and discouraged, they sat down upon a large stone and began to cry.

"I am so hungry!" said Theresa.

"Yes!" said Anna. "If we only had bread and butter with some meat!"

As she said this she felt something drop into her lap. When she took it up, she found it was a large piece of buttered bread with fried chicken. At the same time Theresa said:

"How strange! I have a piece of bread and butter in my hand."

"So have I," said Anna. "Do you dare eat it?"

"Indeed, I will," said Theresa. "Now, if we only had a glass of milk!" As she said this, she felt a large glass of milk placed in her hand.

Immediately Anna exclaimed, "Theresa! Theresa! I have a glass of milk in my hand. Isn't it wonderful?"

The little girls were hungry and ate and drank with the very best appetite. When they were

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done, Anna yawned and stretched out her arms and said:

"Oh, if we had a nice soft bed to rest in a while!"

No sooner had she made this wish, than she felt a nice soft bed beside her, and Theresa did the same. The little girls wondered at all this, but tired as they were, crept into bed, said their prayers, and drew the covering over their heads. They were soon lost in quiet slumber.

When they awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. It was a lovely summer morning in the woods. The flowers and little bushes lent fragrance to the air, and the birds were flitting from tree to tree, singing their morning songs. The little girls had slept all night in the midst of the raspberry bushes in the woods! They looked at each other, then looked at their little beds of soft mosses covered with clean white sheets. At last Theresa said:

"Are you awake, Anna?"

"Yes," replied Anna.

"Am I dreaming yet?" said Theresa.

"No!" said Anna. "Some good spirit must live

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here among the raspberry bushes. Now, if only we had a cup of coffee and a bun apiece!"

No sooner said than there appeared beside them a little silver tray with a shining coffee-pot, two real china cups, a dainty little sugar-bowl, a pitcher of sweet cream, and several warm soft buns. The girls looked at each other in astonishment. What a nice breakfast!

"How I would like to know who has given us all this!" said Theresa with a grateful look in her eyes.

"It is I, my little Friends," said a voice out of the raspberry bushes.

The girls looked around in surprise and saw a little, old man with a white coat and red cap come limping from the bushes. The two were so surprised that for some time they could not speak a word.

"Be not frightened, little Girls," he said and smiled pleasantly upon them. "You are welcome to my Kingdom. Have you slept well? And have you enjoyed your breakfast?"

"That we have indeed!" said they both. "But will you please tell us . . ." They were going to

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ask him to tell them who he was, but they dared not.

“I will tell you who I am,” said the old man. “I am the Raspberry King. I reign over this mighty Kingdom of Raspberry Bushes. Here I have reigned for thousands of years. But the great Father, who rules over the land, the sea, and the sky, does not wish me to become puffed up with pride because of my kingly power and long life. He has, therefore, ordered that for one day in each one hundred years, I am to be changed into a Raspberry Worm, and live in this weak and helpless condition from sunrise to sunset that day. During this change any little bird may eat me, any little child may gather me with the raspberries and crush me to death.

“Yesterday was just such a day in my life. I was picked with the raspberries, and should have been killed if you, my kind Children, had not saved me. I was perfectly helpless until the sun set. When I was swept from your table, I sprained my left foot and my mouth was turned a little wry from fright, as you see. When the sun set and I received my proper form again, I

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looked about me to find you and to reward you. I found you here in my Kingdom. I received you and entertained you in the best way I knew, without frightening you too much. Now I will send a bird with you to show you the way home. Good-by, dear Children, accept my thanks for your kind hearts. The Raspberry King will show you that he can be grateful."

The little girls thanked the Raspberry King most heartily.

They were glad indeed that they had saved the life of the little Raspberry Worm. They were about to start home, when the Raspberry King said with a scornful grin: "Give my compliments to Lorenzo, and tell him that the next time we meet I shall have the honor of eating him."

"Oh, dear, good Raspberry King, please do not do that!" exclaimed both little girls in great fright.

"Well, on your account, I will forgive him," said he. "I am not vindictive. But greet Lorenzo, and say that he, too, may look for a gift from me. Farewell!"

The two sisters picked up their baskets and

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bounded forward with light hearts along the way pointed out by the little bird. Before long they saw the edge of the woods, and were surprised that the evening before they could have gone such a long and crooked way.

Great was the joy when they reached home. The big sister and Lorenzo had been waiting anxiously for them. They had searched for them. The big sister had not slept a wink during the night. She fully believed that the wolves had killed her little sisters.

Lorenzo met them with a basket and cried, "Come and see something that was left here for you by an old man."

When the little girls hurried to open the basket, they found two pairs of beautiful bracelets set with the rarest gems in the form of raspberries, with the inscription *To Theresa and Anna*.

There was also a diamond scarfpin in the form of a raspberry worm, with the inscription, *Lorenzo, never kill a helpless, harmless creature*.

Lorenzo was ashamed. He knew what that

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meant! He felt, however, that the old man had revenged himself as only good souls do.

The Raspberry King had also remembered the big sister. When she went into the kitchen to get dinner, she found there twelve large baskets filled with the choicest raspberries ever picked in the woods. Nobody knew how they had gotten there, but all guessed that they had come from the Raspberry King.

And then followed the cleaning and canning of raspberries to an extent never before heard of in that country.





THE BIRCH AND THE STAR

I

BROTHER AND SISTER

ABOUT two hundred years ago, there was sorrow with great want in Old Finland. War raged on all sides. Cities and villages were in flames. Growing things were trampled down. People, thousands and thousands of them, were lost by the sword, by famine, by sickness, and by exile.

Nothing was seen or heard on all sides but sighs and tears, sorrow and groans, ashes and blood. Then, too, families were scattered. Some were carried to the enemy's land. Others fled to the woods and desert places. Others found their

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way to far away Sweden. Wives lost their husbands, brothers their sisters. Fathers and mothers were separated from their children, and did not know whether they were alive or dead.

During this long war two children, a brother and sister, were carried off to a strange land. There some kind folk found them and cared for them.

The years rolled by. The children grew up. They had everything they needed, but they could not forget their father and mother and dear home. They felt like captives far from their own land.

At last news came that peace was made, and all the captives, who so wished, might return to their homes in Finland. When the children heard this they could bear to stay no more in that strange land, and they longed to return home.

The strangers who cared for them, smiled and said:

“Go home? Poor Children! Do you know how far you will have to go? Over seven hundred miles!”

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"That makes no difference," said the children.
"Only let us go!"

"Have you not a home here with us?" said the strangers. "Here you have plenty of clothes and food. You have fruit to eat, milk to drink, warm clothes to wear, and a pretty house to live in. Yes, and have you not kind friends here, who love you? What more do you want?"

"Yes!" said the children. "But we want to go home."

"In your own home is great poverty," said the strangers. "Moss will be your bed, and a hut of twigs your house. Cold winds and frosts will always be with you, and your bread will be the bark of trees. Your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, and all your friends, died long ago. Where your hut once stood, you will find traces of wolves in the snow-drifts that have swept over the mountains."

"Yes!" said the children. "But we want to go home."

"Ten years have passed since you were carried away," said the strangers. "Then you were a little brother of five and a little sister of four."

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Now you are fifteen and fourteen. You have forgotten the way home, and forgotten your father and mother. They, too, have forgotten you."

"Yes!" said the children. "But we want to go home."

"Who will show you the way?" asked the strangers.

"God!" said the boy. "Besides, I remember a large birch tree that stands in our Father's garden, where many beautiful birds sing in the morning sun."

"And I remember," said the girl, "that in the evenings a beautiful star shines down through the leaves of the birch."

"Foolish Children!" said the strangers. "What you ask is folly and ruin. Think no more about going."

But the more they forbade them, the more the children thought about home. There was a longing and a desire in their hearts to go home, which the children could not help. At last one night as the boy lay awake and could not sleep because of these thoughts, he said to his sister :

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"Are you asleep?"

"No!" she said. "I cannot sleep because I am thinking of home."

"So am I," said the boy. "Come, let us tie up our best clothes, and start for home. I feel as if God were whispering all the time in my heart, 'Go home! Go home!' and what God tells us to do, cannot be wrong."

"That is so!" said the sister.

And they quietly left the house.

The moon was silvering every hill and silent path. When they had gone a little distance, the girl said:

"Do you know, Brother, I am afraid that we shall not find our way home."

"Let us keep to the north-west," said the brother. "It is there we see the sun set in the evenings. Our home is that way. And when we see the old birch and the star shining through its leaves, we shall know our home."

Again after a while, the sister said:

"Dear Brother, I am so afraid that wild beasts and robbers will hurt us."

"God will protect us," said the brother. "Do

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you not remember the prayer we used to say at home, when we were little:

*“Let what will in life betide me,
God’s own hand shall lead and guide me.”*

“Yes!” said the girl. “And God will send his Angels to lead us through this strange land.”

Thus they went on their way. The boy cut a strong oak stick to defend himself and his sister, if evil befell them.

One day they came to a place where two roads met. They did not know which to take. Two little birds were singing by the road that led to the left.

“Come,” said the brother, “to the left is the road we should follow. I know it by the twittering of the birds.”

“Yes!” said the girl. “These birds are more than ordinary birds. God’s Angels have taken the form of birds to lead us to our home.”

So they went along. The birds flew before them from branch to branch, just fast enough for the children to follow.

Wild fruit and berries were their food, and lit-

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tle springs that gushed from the rocks here and there, gave them water. In quiet nooks on soft moss, they slept at night. How strange it seemed, for during the day wherever they went, they found food, and at night they always found a quiet place for rest. And whenever the children saw the little birds, they cried:

“See, the little Angels leading us!”

Thus they went on their way.

And after many many days and many many nights, the girl grew tired, and said to her brother:

“When shall we begin to look for the old birch?”

“Not before we hear people speaking around us, the language our Father and Mother spoke.”

And again they walked on many, many, weary, long miles to the north and west. The summer began to draw to its close. The woods began to feel damp and chilly. And the girl said:

“May we not look for our birch?”

“Not yet,” answered the boy.

The country around them began to change. They had been passing over wide plains. Now

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there were hills and mountains and large lakes.

"How are we to climb over these steep mountains?" asked the girl.

"I will help you," said the boy.

"But how are we to cross the big rivers and lakes?"

"We will row across them."

And so they did, for they found boats waiting as though provided for them.

One day they walked from early morning till evening. They were very tired and hungry. In the evening they came to a lonely place, where was a new hut of logs, built on the ashes of a ruined house. In the garden a little girl stood peeling a turnip.

"Will you please give us one of your turnips?" asked the boy.

"Yes, come in," said the child. "Mother will give you something to eat."

Then the boy clapped his hands. He kissed the child and cried for joy.

"Why are you so happy, Brother?" asked the sister.

"Should I not be happy? This little one speaks

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the language of our Father and Mother. Now we may look for our birch and our star."

They went into the hut and were welcomed. The people asked them from where they came. The boy said:

"We come from a foreign land to seek our home. We will know it by a large birch in our Father's garden, where the birds sing in the mornings, and where a beautiful star shines through the tree in the evenings."

"Poor Children!" explained the people sorrowfully. "There are thousands of birches growing everywhere. Many thousands of stars shine in the heavens. How will you ever find the right ones?"

"God will lead us!" said both the children. "Have not His Angels led us all this long way, through strange lands to our own land? Are we not half way home?"

"Finland is great," said the people, and shook their heads.

"But God is greater still!" said the boy.

And so the children thanked the people, and went on.

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Happily now they did not have to eat and sleep in the woods. They went from place to place. Often great distances and wild heaths lay between one hut and another, and everywhere there was poverty. Yet they always found food and shelter, for people took pity on them. But the birch and star they could not find. From place to place they sought them. Many birches and many stars they saw, but not the right ones.

“Alas!” said the girl. “Finland is so large, and we are so small! We shall never be able to find our home.”

“Do you believe in God?” said the brother.

“Yes!”

“Then you know what wonderful things have happened. When the Wise Men came to see the Saviour in Bethlehem, a star went before them. A star will lead us, if we will but believe.”

“Yes!” said the sister as she always did to her brother.

And they went on looking for the birch and star.

It was the second year of their wanderings. One evening they came to a lonely farm house.

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It was the evening before Whitsunday, in the latter part of May. The first leaves were beginning to burst forth.

As the children passed through the gate, they saw in the garden a large birch with spreading branches and tender young leaves. And in the early twilight shone through the leaves, the most beautiful evening star. It was the only star to be seen, for it was larger than any other.

"There is our birch!" cried the boy.

"And there is our star!" cried the sister.

And they put their arms around each other's neck, and thanked God with tears of joy.

"Here is the place, where our Father used to lead in the horses!" said the boy, remembering.

"And I remember this well, where Mother used to water the cows!" said the girl.

"Here are two crosses under the birch trees," said the boy. "What do they mean?"

"I am afraid to go into the house," said the girl. "Suppose Mother and Father are no more! Suppose they do not know us! You go first, Brother!"

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"Let us peep in the door, first," said the brother with fast beating heart.

II

INSIDE THE FARM HOUSE

IN the house sat an old man and his wife. They were not old in years, but sorrow had wrinkled their brows.

"Yes, it is Pentecost," said the husband, "when God sent the Comforter down to sorrowing hearts. But to us no comfort comes. All our four children are gone. Two sleep beneath the birch. Two are far away in distant lands, and will never come back."

"Is not God all-powerful," said the wife, "and of infinite goodness? He who led the Children of Israel out of bondage, can give us back our children if He thinks it is best. How old would our youngest children be now?"

"The boy sixteen, and the girl fifteen. But we do not deserve such a blessing from the Lord, as to get our children back."

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As he spoke, the door opened. A boy and girl stepped in.

"We have come a long way," they said. "May we have a bite of bread?"

"Come nearer, Children!" cried the father, "and be with us this night. You are just the size our own children would be could they have stayed with us."

"What handsome children!" exclaimed the mother. "Just like our children could they have stayed with us!"

Both parents began to weep. The two children could not restrain themselves longer. They threw themselves weeping into their parents' arms, and exclaimed:

"Do you not know us? We are your lost children. God has wonderfully led us back from a strange land to our home!"

The parents kissed their children with joy and love too great for words. Then with the children they fell on their knees and poured out their hearts in thanksgiving to God, who on this very Pentecost had sent them deep joy and comfort.

After that the children had to tell their story.

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The father and mother told theirs. Though they had all suffered sorrow and distress, they forgot them, and sorrow was changed to joy. The father rejoiced as he felt the strong arms of his boy. The mother smoothed the brown locks of her daughter, and kissed her rosy cheeks a hundred times.

"Yes!" cried the mother in childlike glee, "I thought something would happen! To-day I heard two strange birds singing so sweetly in the birch."

"Oh, I know them!" said the girl. "They are two Angels in bird-form, who led us on our way. They now rejoice that we have found our home."

"Come, Sister," said the boy, "let us look once more at the birch and the star. See, Sister, see! There sleep our little Brother and Sister. If it were we who were sleeping there beneath the green sod, and our Brother and Sister were standing here, what should we be?"

"Surely you would be Angels in Heaven," said the mother gently

"Now I know!" said the girl. "The little Angel-Birds that led us on our way and sang of our coming to-day, are our little Brother and Sis-

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ter. It was they who ever whispered in our hearts, 'Go home! Go home! Comfort Father and Mother!' It was they who led us through desert places and kept us from starving, who provided us with beds of moss and had the boats ready for us to cross the rivers and lakes. It was they, too, who told us that this was the right birch and the right star among so many thousands. Thanks be to our little Brother and Sister! Thanks be to the great and good God!"

"See!" said the boy. "See! how clear the star shines through the leaves of the birch. Now we have found our home! Now our wanderings are over."





THE BOY WHO HEARD THE SILENT SPEAK

THERE was once a little boy who could neither hear nor speak. His name was Pavo.

He was so anxious to learn to hear and speak. He saw the other children of the village move their lips and understand one another. But he had to make signs with his hands and fingers. His father understood what he meant to say, his sister and brother understood him still better, but his mother understood him best of all. The children of the village did not understand his sign language. They would often mimic him with their hands, and then laugh at him.

The worst of all the children was tall, over-

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grown Pentu. He always made fun of Pavo. One day when Pavo was watching the boys play ball in the village street, Pentu cried, "*Baa! baa!*" as if Pavo had been a sheep.

This seemed very funny to the other children, but not so to little Lizzie. She took Pavo to her own cottage home and gave him some bread and bonny-clabber, and begged him not to cry.

Pavo's mother told him in his own sign language about God in Heaven.

"He is good and kind to all," she said. "He cares especially for poor and unhappy children."

Pavo knew that God could do everything, and that He was willing to help all who prayed earnestly to Him. But Pavo had also noticed that when any one did anything for his papa or mamma they paid for it, and Pavo thought:

"If I only had something to pay God with, I would ask him to make me hear and speak."

Pavo was six years old then, and had never been to Church. Why should he go to Church? He could not hear the sermon; he could not join in the singing. But one Christmas Morning when his father was hitching the horse to the

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sleigh, and the sister and the brother were going along to Church, his mother felt a pity for poor little Pavo. She thought it was wrong to leave him alone at home, so she said with her hands:

“Would you like to go along?”

To be sure! Pavo wanted to go along. What a rare treat for him to ride over the frozen snow this early Christmas Morning.

Each of the other two children had received a *tenpenni* to put in the collection. So Pavo also received his *tenpenni*, but his mother had forgotten to tell him what it was for. It was a large, heavy coin, much larger than the *penni* or the *fivepenni* which travellers sometimes gave him for opening the gate as they passed through the village. Pavo thought this a very large sum of money. He had never been so rich before. Now he certainly had something that he might pay to God.

All the way to Church he was thinking how he should go to God, and say:

“Dear God, I would like so much to hear and speak like other people. And as You are so good and kind and can do everything, and are always

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willing to help all who pray to You, please help poor Pavo so that he may hear and speak. And I will pay You, dear God, I will give You *tenpenni*."

And then the thought occurred to him, "Surely God must be in the Church. But how am I to meet Him or speak to Him when there are so many people? And will He be able to understand my language?"

Pavo was troubled about this. But he could not ask his mother, for it was dark and she could not see his hands or his signs. So he sat still and watched his father drive. Vallacka was a fine horse and sped like the wind over the snow. The sleigh-bells rang cheerily through the morning air, but of course this poor little Pavo could not hear. The distance to Church was almost four miles, and it was a delightful drive. The snow-laden birches and pines seemed to rush to meet little Pavo; and most remarkable of all, the moon seemed to run too—the moon which otherwise moved so slowly across the sky.

At last they reached the Church. There were many horses and sleighs standing there. The

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Church-doors were opened and all was light and beauty within. To little Pavo it seemed like Heaven. As there was no fire in the Church, the white breath arose like incense from the mouth of each worshipper.

The main aisle was full of people and in the crowd little Pavo was separated from his parents. As he was so little, no one noticed him and he moved along with the crowd. After a while he stood alone at the head of the aisle in front of the altar with its white covering and beautiful candles. Within the chancel was the minister, in his white, gold-embroidered gown, reading the Christmas service.

Poor little Pavo imagined that the minister must be God, and so he stepped up to the altar and laid his *tenpenni* upon it and made signs with his little hands of what he wanted.

But the minister did not see him. He continued the service of song and prayer, which of course Pavo could not hear. Then his mother caught sight of him and soon led him to her pew.

But there was One who saw little Pavo and understood his sign language, and that was the

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all-wise and the all-good Father in Heaven, who is so great that the Heavens cannot contain Him, and who yet cares for the smallest of His creatures, and to whom nothing is too little or poor to notice. He saw little Pavo and knew what he meant.

Pavo sat in the pew beside his mother and looked at the beautiful candles and the minister and the people and the high ceiling and the quaint old pictures on the walls. But the sermon was long, and he could not hear anything. His eyes became heavy and he fell asleep. And God sent an Angel to speak to him in his dreams. But Angels do not speak to little children in words, but in thoughts.

And the Angel said, "Pavo!"

And Pavo replied in his sleep, "Here I am."

"God has heard your prayer," said the Angel. "You are henceforth to hear the Silent speak. But let me tell you that no one can pay God with money, for God is so rich that He owns the whole world. And so after Church you must take your money from the altar and give it to the poor old woman near the door. For if you wish to re-

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turn to God a little, a very little portion of His goodness to you, then you should love Him more than anything else in the world and obey His will and be good to all people and also to all animals. And remember that what you give with a good heart to the poor, you lend unto the Lord."

At this point, little Pavo awoke, for the service was over and the people were beginning to go out. But Pavo remembered the words of the Angel, and asked his mother to let him go up to the altar. His mother supposed that he wanted to go up to look at the altar-piece and so she said *yes*. But Pavo took his *tenpenni* from the altar and gave it to the old woman at the door as the Angel had told him.

The people were soon out of Church and in their sleighs. Now began an exciting race for home, for everybody believed that the one who could pass the others on the way home from Church on Christmas morning, would have the largest harvest that year. So many of the men used whips freely on their horses. But Pavo could hear the horses say:

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“Why do you whip me? Am I not running all I can?”

Pavo thought it strange that he could hear and understand what the horses were saying. He did not yet know what a marvellous gift he had received, the gift of hearing the Silent speak. But his wonder was soon to be more.

By this time it was eight o'clock in the morning, but it was still dark. The air was clear and frosty and the little stars twinkled in full splendor in the morning sky. And as Pavo's father's sleigh was passing over the silent frozen waters of the little lake, Pavo heard the sweetest music that ear has listened to since that first Christmas morning, long ago, when the shepherds heard the Angels' song over the fields of Bethlehem. What could it be? Pavo did not know, for he had never heard any music before. It was the morning stars singing their praises to God.

The air was filled with the heavenly melody, which was re-echoed from the earth. The snowy mountain, the frozen snow, the trees in the forest, the squirrel in the lofty pine, the titmouse on the garden fence, and even the white ice, which

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formed a crystal covering for the lake—all shouted to one another:

“Hear how the stars are praising God for the Saviour’s birth! Let us, too, join our sweetest voices in this universal song of praise.”

This Pavo heard, but he did not understand it all. He was hungry and was thinking of the Christmas buns which his mother had baked the day before. He was wondering what good things he should have for his Christmas dinner. When they all reached home, his mother fried the mush left over from the night before, and while he was eating, Pavo heard the mush say to the spoon:

“Do not eat all. Leave a little for Papa.”

This amused Pavo very much. This he could understand. He laughed till he almost spilt the mush from his spoon, and made signs to his mother of what the mush was saying.

“It was very thoughtful of the mush,” answered his mother, “for Papa is hungry too.”

But Pavo was just about ready to take another helping of mush, when he heard a clear voice as if coming from his very heart, say:

“Poor Papa got up early and hitched up Val-

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lacka and drove you to Church. Would you eat all his breakfast too?"

Pavo blushed for shame at his own greed. He did not yet know what that soft, warning voice was. It was the voice of Conscience. From that day on Pavo became more and more used to hearing the Silent speak.

He heard the plow say to the rock, "Move out of my way, that I may make this field fertile."

The fish in the lake butted its head against the ice, and said, "It is so dark, dark down here in the water."

The willow said to the passing cloud, "Why do you shut out the sun so that I may not put forth my buds?"

The fence said to the neighboring pine, "Lend me a prop, for I am falling down."

The well said to the bucket, "If you strike my side that way next time, you will not get up again."

The violet said to Pavo's foot, "Please do not trample me to death."

The cranberry said to him, "You may pick

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me, I am not too sour if you put a little sugar on me."

And his cap said to him, "If you throw me in the creek I shall surely run away from you."

And when summer came Pavo could hear the grass in the meadow say, "See how I'm growing!"

The field said to the ditch, "Give me a little water, for I am so dry."

The lake asked the boat, "Do you like to rock?"

And the great, wide country, Pavo's country and ours, said to the sun, "Dear sun, say your prayers when you go to bed to-night, and ask God to let you shine bright and warm to-morrow, so that I may bring rich harvests to my beloved people."

Pavo soon became so used to all this, that it did not seem strange to him at all. But what did make him wonder was the voice of Conscience.

Every time he was tempted to do what he ought not to do, his Conscience would say, "It is wrong." And whenever he was obedient and

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diligent, and gentle and helpful, his Conscience would say, "It is right." But the worst of all was when he was tempted to tell a lie. Then he could hear his Conscience weep. And when any one had been kind to him and he had been ungrateful for it, he could hear that soft voice within him weeping. This Pavo could not bear to hear. He felt that he had to be truthful and obliging and good to everybody, or his Conscience would give him no rest.

Pavo wondered if other people had such a strange voice within them. He thought that they had. Once the wicked Pentu threw a cat into the well and then leaned over to see the poor animal struggle in the water. Pentu lost his balance and fell head first into the well. Pavo, with great difficulty, lowered the heavy bucket and saved Pentu and the cat, too, from drowning.

Then Pavo thought he could hear Pentu's conscience saying:

"Do you not remember how often you have made fun of the poor deaf and dumb boy? Now he has saved your life!"

Another time Pavo thought he heard Lizzie's

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Conscience speaking to her. She had a pet hen that she loved very much. Pavo set a large trap to catch the rats which stole the eggs from Lizzie's hens. But one morning Lizzie's pet hen got up very early and walked into the trap. When Pavo came to see what he had caught, he found the poor pet hen crushed to death in the trap. Lizzie was almost beside herself with grief and anger.

She was just going to beat poor little Pavo. But then her Conscience spoke up and said, "Why should you strike poor Pavo? He meant to help you."

And Lizzie felt ashamed of herself and put her hand on Pavo's shoulder, and said soothingly, "Don't cry, Pavo! I know you meant to catch the thieving rats for me."

By and by Pavo grew to be a big boy, and when the minister came to call and found poor Pavo growing up in ignorance, he took pity on him. There was a school for deaf and dumb children in the town, and the minister arranged to have Pavo sent to it. There Pavo learned to read and write, and also learned a great deal more

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about his Heavenly Father and his Saviour than he had known when he first went to Church on that Christmas Morning, and thought that he might pay God with a *tenpenni*.

Pavo was also taught a trade, and soon became a most skillful cabinet-maker, so that no one in all that neighborhood could make as fine pieces of furniture as he could. Everybody loved and respected him for he was honest and industrious and kind to all.

Pavo soon opened a shop of his own and then decided to build himself a home. He thought that he could never get a better wife than Lizzie, if she would only have him who could neither hear nor speak. And Lizzie felt that while she might get a more talkative husband, she could never get a better one, and so they were married. Pavo's parents often came to see them and were delighted to find that Pavo and Lizzie's children could all both hear and speak.

One day Pavo's mother said to her little grandson, "Don't you hear the mush say to the spoon, 'Don't eat it all, but leave a little for Papa?'"

Then Pavo laughed and made signs with his

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hands as his mother had once done, "That was very thoughtful of the mush."

One day a poor drunken tramp came to his shop and asked permission to sleep there all night. It was Pentu. Pavo took him in, gave him work, taught him the trade, and made a sober and industrious man of him.

And now what more can be said about Pavo? Well, only this may be added, that when any one earnestly asks God for anything in the name of Christ, God is certain to hear that prayer. God may not give you just what you ask, but He will give you something that is better for you. No one can think it strange that a poor deaf and dumb child, like little Pavo, should ask God for the power of speech and hearing. They are two of God's most precious gifts to us, and we should never forget to thank Him for them. But God gave to Pavo what was better still, and that was the power to hear the Silent speak.





THE TROLLS' CHRISTMAS

THE pretty little cottage at the corner of the street was beautifully lighted on Christmas Eve. There was a large and handsome Christmas-tree with tinsel, and stars, and candies, and apples. It was brightly lighted, and on the table burned the Christmas candles in a many-branched and handsomely decorated candlestick.

The children were all excited, specially when any creaking sound was heard in the vestibule. And by and by came the eagerly expected Christmas Goat, that arrived every year at Christmas time. He asked the children if they had been good. With one voice they all answered:

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"Yes!"

"Well," said the Goat, "if you have been good you shall each have something. But this I must say, that I can give you only half as many presents as I did last year."

"Why?" cried the children.

"That I will tell you," said the Goat. "I have come from the distant North. There I have peeped in at the door of many a poor hut where the little children do not have even a bite of bread to eat at Christmas. And so I have given half of my presents to them. Wasn't that right?"

"Yes, yes! It was right. It was kind!" cried the children.

Only Freddie and Lottie said nothing, for Freddie usually received twenty presents at Christmas and Lottie thirty. And now they felt that they were being terribly treated if they received only half that number.

"Didn't I do right?" asked the Christmas Goat again.

Then Freddie turned on his heel and said, "What a poor Christmas we shall have this year!"

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The Trolls will have a better Christmas than ours!"

And Lottie began to cry and said, "Am I to have only fifteen presents? The Trolls have a much better Christmas to-night!"

"Very well," said the Goat, "if that is all, we can quickly go to them."

Then he caught Freddie and Lottie by the hands, and dragged them along with him in spite of their efforts to hold back. Whiz! whiz! they flew through the air!

Before the children knew what had happened to them, they found themselves alone in the midst of a great forest and in deep, deep snow. It was terribly cold, and the snow whirled about in the wind, till one could not see the tall pines that stood all around in the forest. It was dark and the howling of the wolves was heard close at hand.

And the Christmas Goat? Well he was gone! He had no time to wait. He had many visits to make that night to other little children, better ones than Freddie and Lottie.

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The two bad children began to scream and cry. But the louder they screamed, the nearer came the howling of the wolves.

"Come, Lottie," said Freddie, "we must try to find some hut in the woods."

"I think I see a light over there among the trees," sobbed Lottie. "Let us go to it."

"That is no light," said Freddie. "It is simply icicles hanging to the trees."

"Isn't that a mountain in front of us?" asked Lottie. "Can it be Rastekais to which Sampo Lappelill rode on the Master Wolf one Christmas Night?"

"How you talk!" exclaimed Freddie. "Rastekais is at least five hundred miles from our home. But come, let us climb that mountain. We can look around us better there."

No sooner said than done. Over fallen trees and stones and stumps, and through deep snow they walked, and finally reached the mountain. There was a small cleft and through it something glittered like a light. Freddie and Lottie followed the light, and in a few moments knew they

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were on Rastekais, and that they were with the Trolls. But it was too late to turn back, and besides the wolves were very close at hand.

Freddie and Lottie stopped near the cleft and saw a large hall before them, where the Trolls were celebrating Christmas. There were many thousands of them, but all were quite small, hardly two feet high. They were dressed in gray. They were wrinkled and ugly, just as you read about them in the story of Sampo Lappelill.

And instead of lamps or candles they had frozen lightning-bugs and pieces of decayed wood which glowed in the dark. But when they wanted a very fine bright light they stroked the back of a large black cat till the sparks flew. Then many of the Trolls cried:

“Hold, hold! It is altogether too light! We can't stand it!”

It is very strange about all Trolls that they shun the light, and feel hurt when anyone sees them to be as ugly as they are. And so at Christmas when the days are the shortest and the nights the longest, they hold a great feast. This year, as they did every year, they thought that the sun

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would never rise again—that there would finally be no more day, but continual night. And the Trolls were so happy that they were dancing in the mountain and celebrating Christmas in their own way. They were all heathen and knew of no better reason for celebrating Christmas.

They treated each other to icicles this cold winter night, and blew on the icicles, lest they might be too warm when they put them in their mouths. There were also other delicacies, ferns and spider-legs. They had a Christmas-Tree of ice crystals, and one of their old men played that he was the Christmas Goat.

The terrible Giant, the Mountain King, was not there, for since he had disappeared at the parsonage of Enare he had never been seen. His kingdom he had left to the King of Darkness, named King Mundus, who sat in the midst of the hall. At his side, was the Troll Queen. Both had long beards.

Then King Mundus arose from his throne and made a grand speech to the Trolls saying, that there would soon be an end of all light, since the shadows of darkness would be spread over

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every land, and that the Trolls would rule the world. Then the Trolls yelled with all their might:

“Hurrah for our great King Mundus! and for our beautiful Troll Queen and for the Reign of Darkness over the world!”

And the King asked, “Where is my Chief Spy, whom I sent to the top of the mountain to see if any ray of light was still left?”

And the Spy came forward, and said, “My Lord King, great is thy power. All is darkness.”

Again the King said, “Where is my Spy?”

And again the Spy came forward, and said, “My Lord King, I see far away along the horizon a little light like that of a star passing out of a dark cloud.”

And the King said, “Go again to the top of the mountain.”

And after a while the King asked again, “Where is my Spy?”

And the Spy came forward again, and said, “My Lord King, the heavens are overspread with thick snow clouds, and I can not see the light any more.”

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But the King said, "Go once more to the mountain-top."

And again after a while the King said, "Where is my Spy?"

And again the Spy came forward. But the King noticed that the Spy trembled and was blind. So he said:

"My faithful Spy, why do you tremble? And how did you lose your sight?"

And the Spy replied, "My Lord and King, the clouds have all passed away, and a star larger and brighter than all other stars shines in the heavens. Therefore I tremble and the sight of it has made me blind."

But the King said, "What may this mean? Is not the light forever fled and the Reign of Darkness established forever?"

But all the Trolls stood silent and trembled with fear.

Finally one of them said, "My Lord and King, there are here two children of men. Let us ask them, perhaps they are wiser than we."

And the King said, "Call the children."

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And Freddie and Lottie were led up to the King's throne, and you may well imagine how frightened they were. The Queen seeing their great fright said to one of the Troll Women that stood about the throne:

"Give the poor children a little dragon's blood to drink and a few beetle shells to eat, so that they may be strengthened and able to open their mouths to speak."

"Eat and drink! Eat and drink!" said the Troll Woman. But the children had no mind for eating and drinking.

And the King said to the children, "Now you are here in my Kingdom. I have power to change you into crows or spiders. But I will put a riddle to you, and if you guess it, I will take you back to your home unhurt. Will you do this?"

"Yes," replied the children.

"Well, then," said the King, "what does it mean that a light breaks forth now during the darkest night of the year, when all light is gone and darkness and the Trolls rule the world? Far in the east a star appears shining brighter than

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any other star and threatening my power. Tell me, Children, what does the star mean?"

Lottie said, "It is the star which rises on Christmas Night over Bethlehem of Judea, and lights up all the world."

And the King asked, "Why does it shine so?"

Then Freddie replied, "Because to-night our Saviour is born, and He is the Light which lights the whole world. And from to-night on the light increases and the days begin to lengthen."

At this the King trembled on his throne, and asked further:

"What is the name of this Lord and King of Light, who is born to-night and who is come to save the world from sin and darkness?"

Both of the children answered, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

Hardly were the words spoken before the mountain began to tremble and shake and cave in. A mighty wind passed through the hall and overthrew the King's throne. The star shone into the dark places, and the Trolls began to scatter like shadows and smoke, until nothing was left

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but the Christmas-Tree of icicles lighted by the glory of the star.

But high above the earth was heard the sweet song of the Angels. The children covered their faces with their hands and dared not look up. And there fell upon them a refreshing sweet sleep, as when one is very sleepy and tired. They knew no more of what happened in the mountain.

And when they woke up, they lay in their own beds, and the fire was burning cheerfully in the fireplace. Beside their bed stood old Carrie, who always woke them in the mornings. She said:

“Get up now, quick, and dress for Church.”

Freddie and Lottie sat up and looked at old Carrie as if she were only two feet tall and had a beard like a Troll and was offering them dragon's blood to drink and beetle shells to eat. But instead they saw the table spread with coffee and fresh rolls, for on Christmas Morning all the children were allowed to drink coffee.

And they heard the sleigh-bells, for people were driving to Church in the early morning before daylight. All the windows in all the houses

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were lighted up, but the brightest illumination was at the Church.

Freddie and Lottie looked at each other, but dared not tell old Carrie that they had been at the Trolls' Christmas. Perhaps she would not have believed them, and would have laughed saying they had slept all night in their beds. And I don't know, and you don't know, nor does any one know just how it was!

But this I know, that discontented children will come sooner or later to the Trolls, where they get icicles and dragon's blood and beetle shells instead of the good things which they have despised at home.





THE LAST OF THE FROST GIANTS

WAY up in the far north was a land called Jotunheim, where dwelt a powerful race of Frost Giants.

Once upon a time, the heathen god Thor engaged in a deadly conflict with the Frost Giants, and slew them with his immense hammer. But one Giant escaped. He hid in an iceberg near the North Cape, and there he dwelt until last year. Nobody knew how old he was, for his name was not to be found in any records. He was very tall—tall and stupid. “One mile in height and six in stupidity,” said the people.

The Frost Giant held together pretty well,

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though he was now getting quite old. He was frozen into solid ice, and could stand the cold well enough. But in mild weather he was always afraid of melting into water. He slept most of the time in the iceberg, but every hundredth year he woke up and looked about the world. This cheered him so much that he felt he could live another thousand years.

The Frost Giants always used to employ cunning little Dwarfs, known as Black Elves. The Black Elves could look straight through a mountain, and they knew how to do everything except to make sunshine. Formerly they were very numerous, so that whenever you called aloud in the woods, Black Elves always answered. But the Giants and the Elves disappeared together, until just the one Frost Giant and one Black Elf remained. Then the old Frost Giant set his Black Elf to watch the iceberg, while he took his long nap of a hundred years.

This year the Frost Giant woke up a little before Christmas, kicked a hole in the iceberg and stretched out his stiff limbs.

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"And what is the time?" he inquired of his faithful spy, the Black Elf, who stood guard at the iceberg.

"A hundred years nearer the end of the world," replied the Black Elf.

"Well! well!" said the Frost Giant. "Has any one appeared during the last hundred years, who is wiser and stronger than I?"

"And where should he come from?" replied the Elf. "Are you not the strongest and wisest person in all the world?"

"But I am getting old," said the Frost Giant.

"That makes no difference when one can sleep as you do. Sleep makes one strong and wise, and no one ever sleeps as you do."

"I should say not!" exclaimed the Frost Giant. "Come, let us go for a walk in Jotunheim. Climb on my back. The children of men grow more and more stupid. I want to see how much more stupid they have become, while I have been sleeping this last hundred years."

The Black Elf climbed on the shoulders of the Frost Giant, and sat there like a tiny fly. The

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Frost Giant stretched himself till his stiff old limbs cracked and creaked. He put on his Seven-Mile-Boots, and in a minute reached a village in Finland.

It was a mild winter day. The sun shone brightly, and the children were sliding downhill.

“Are those things toads?” asked the Frost Giant.

“Most magnificent Giant,” replied the Black Elf, “let us hasten away from here. This is a dangerous place. Those are not toads—they are children.”

“Well! Well!” cried the Frost Giant. “I have slept too long. I have forgotten how children look. It will amuse me to see what fools they are!”

So saying, he reached out his long arm and seized one of the children and lifted him carefully. The other children ran away crying in a great fright. The Frost Giant examined his prey. It was a boy of about ten years old. Matte Smart was his name. And well he deserved the name of

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Smart! Matte's heart was in his throat, but he kept his tears back and looked sternly into the frosty eyes of the monster.

"A miserable little pigmy you are!" roared the Frost Giant. "And do you think yourself wise? Do you know who I am? I am the wisest man in all the world."

"That you must prove before I will believe it," said Matte Smart, who felt disgusted with the Giant's conceit.

"Prove? What does that mean?"

"You must give me three riddles to guess," said Matte Smart, "and I will give you three. If you guess my riddles——"

"I will eat you up!" broke in the Frost Giant.

"So be it," said Matte Smart. "And if I guess your riddles, I will eat *you* up."

The Frost Giant thought this was the funniest thing he had ever heard. He was pleased with the courage of such a little fellow, and he stood Matte Smart on his head in the snow. In a minute Matte was on his feet, exclaiming:

"Ready! Begin!"

"No, no, most magnificent Giant!" cried the

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Black Elf. "Of course you are the wisest person in the world. But even the wisest may be fooled by these stupid children of men."

"Hold your peace!" shouted the Frost Giant. "You shall see *me* eating him up. My appetite is reviving. Three riddles? Well then—*what is it that you are, and I am not?*"

"Ten years old," replied Matte Smart.

"Well, I can't dispute that," said the Frost Giant. "But *what is it I am, and you are not?*"

Matte felt like saying *stupid*, but he was wise enough to say, "A thousand years old."

"Well, I'll not deny that either! But listen now," said the Frost Giant sure of his victory, "tell me, *what is it neither you are nor I am?*"

"A mountain rat!" cried Matte Smart.

"A mountain rat! Well, I can't deny that either," said the Frost Giant sorrowfully. "Now it is your turn."

"*What is it that was born with the world, and will not die before the end of the world, and yet is not five weeks old?*" asked Matte Smart.

"Nobody knows, and you don't know yourself!" cried the Frost Giant.

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"Yes I do," said Matte Smart. "It is the moon. *What is it that is always grinning?*"

The Frost Giant thought it might be himself, but Matte said:

"No! It is a crack in the wall. But now guess what this is:

*"A wingless bird, I flew,
Sat footless on a brier,
Was shot by headless archer,
And roasted without fire,
And then 'neath azure vault,
Was eaten without salt."*

The old Frost Giant's face wanted to turn red. He felt as if he were going to melt on the spot.

"Eat him up! Eat him up!" whispered the Black Elf.

But the Frost Giant wished to keep his word. He tried hard to think. How could a bird be wingless and an archer headless?

"Listen now, Matte," said he, "*which of us is stupid, you or I?*"

"Which do *you* think?" asked Matte cau-

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tiously. "But the wingless bird is a snowflake and the headless archer is the sun."

"Well, well!" said the Frost Giant. "Then *you* are not the stupid one! But what does that all amount to compared with strength? Do you know *that I am the strongest creature in the world?*"

"You must prove that before I believe," said Matte.

"Very well," said the Frost Giant, "let me prove how strong I am."

"That you may do," said Matte. "There is our barn. Go stick your head through its wall."

To this the Frost Giant agreed. Again and again he struck his head against the barn-wall, till the ice flakes flew about him. But he could not shove his head through it at all. Finally tired out, he said that no one could do it.

"But I can!" exclaimed Matte Smart.

So saying, he ran into the barn and stuck his head out of its small open window, and called out:

"Good morning, Sir Giant! Now I'll eat *you* up!"

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The old Frost Giant thought this was such a good joke, that he began to laugh with all his might. It must have been at least two thousand years since he had laughed so hard. And now he laughed so violently that he forgot his old rickety ice-body.

His ears began to melt. His head was nearly crushed by his thumping against the barn-wall. His ice-heart began to thaw. His feet were turning into water. The laughter and sunshine put an end to him. *Crash! Splash!* and his ice-body fell to the ground, a heap of slush and snow. It was the Frost Giant's farewell to the world!

The Black Elf fled in terror to the woods and disappeared in the white snow. But Matte Smart was proud of his victory.





THE BIRD THAT SINGS

THERE was once a Bird in the distant forests of Finland. He sang to the pines and the firs and birches. The bluebells heard his voice, and the reeds by the sea-shore listened to his songs. His home was the great waste. The clouds were his brothers and sisters. The pale heath was his cradle. The song of the wind and the wave was his lullaby.

And an Angel passed through the woods, and said to the Bird, "Sing for the children."

But the Bird answered, "My voice is weak, how can the children hear me?"

And the Angel said, "Sing from your heart, and they will hear you."

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“What shall I sing?” asked the Bird.

The Angel answered, “Sing Songs and Tales. Sing God’s praise, His power and goodness. Sing of the beauties in Nature and of the wisdom of the Creator. Sing about God’s Spirit, which passes through the world and works everywhere. Sing of the good in the world, of goodness and virtue, of courage and righteousness, of humility and mercy. Sing freely and cheerfully. Sing sunshine into the darkness of night. But always sing of the noble and the true.”

The Bird said, “Dear Angel, I would gladly do as you desire. But you know that I am a weak creature with many faults, and am only one among thousands of birds in the great forests. Who will give me strength for such a great work as to sing for the Children? Do they not belong to the Kingdom of God? And do you ask me, a creature of earth, to sing to God’s own?”

And the Angel answered, “Of yourself you can do nothing. Though you were as white as snow and had the wings of the Bird of Paradise and the tongue of the Nightingale and could

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sing the songs of the morning from the beginning of time, it would all be as nothing without God's help. Your voice would vanish and die like the sands that roll upon the sea-shore. But ask for power from on High. Then the work is no longer your own, but His who called you."

The Bird said, "I will do as you say."

Then the Bird sang sweetly and truly.

And now, my dear Children, the Bird's Songs and Tales in this book come to you from Finland's woods and wastes, carried to you on the wind like the down from the willows and the poplars in spring. Will you listen to the voice that whispers from the leaves and grasses and trees and flowers?

You, my dear little Friends, who belong to the Kingdom of God, let me tell you something about this book.

It hovers on the wing of a bird over flowers and grasses. But I would wish that there might be a feather from the Angel left in that wing. I would wish that even this little book might serve the Kingdom of God. If you should ever

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find that it leads you from God, then throw it away. For it were better that it were cast into the sea, as the Saviour says, than that it should "offend one of these little ones."



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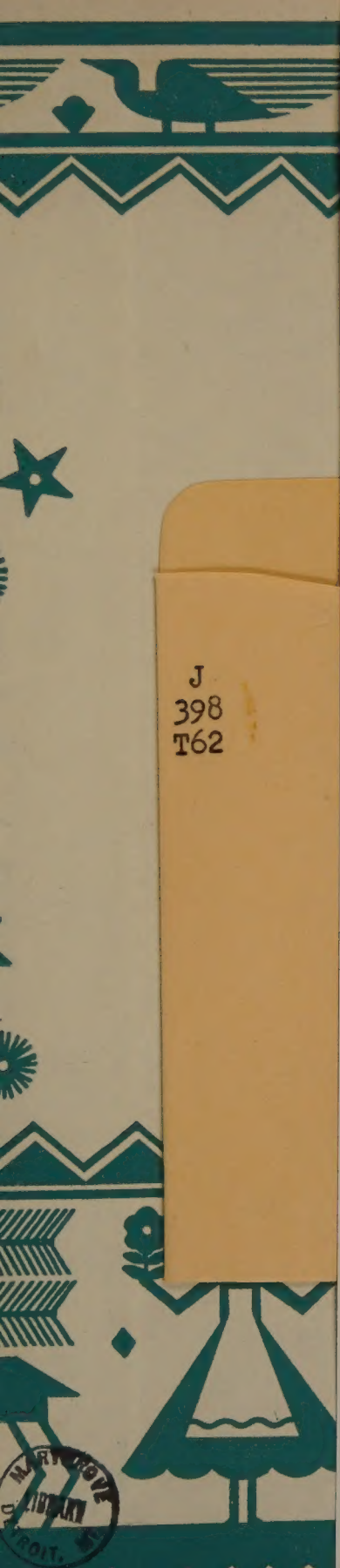
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS was born in Finland on January 14, 1818, and died March 12, 1898, at Helsingfors, now Helsinki. A newspaper editor, then professor of history at the University of Helsingfors, he was afterward its rector, but in 1878 he withdrew from academic labors and devoted his time to writing. His first book, a collection of lyrics, was published in 1845, followed by four others, 1850-1870. His plays were popular productions, but his most celebrated work for adults was a series of six novels depicting life in Sweden and Finland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—in English called *The Surgeon's Stories*, 1872-74, but his *Läsning för Barn* (Reading for Children) is best known.

FRANCES JENKINS OLCOTT had long service in the interest of children's reading and libraries. She was director of the Training School for Children's Librarians of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, and after her retirement was the compiler and editor of a number of fine collections for children.

